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WANDERINGS

OF

CHILDE HAROLDE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE ENGLISH WIFE, THE FOREIGN MISTRESS,

AND VARIOUS OTHER

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN HARMAN BEDFORD, LIEUT. R.N.

Author of Views on the Shores of the Black Sea, &c.

The cold in clime are cold in blood;
Their love, it scarce deserves the name;
But mine is like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna's breast of flame. LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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A FEW WORDS TO THE READER.

THE following pages are an attempt to delineate some striking particulars in the life of a WANDERER, I have, for reasons best known to myself, chose to call "CHILDE HAROLDE." That the person actually existed, is as true as that I have drawn this Romance from events in his life, which passed (many of them) in review before my own eyes. Every love story is founded on a fact; I am answerable for the embellishments alone. I have not sprinkled the path with flowers, where thorns only grew; I have not removed one cloud from the WANDERER'S *vices*, or shorn his *virtues* of a single sunbeam. Mine is almost a

"round unvarnished tale," which he "that runs may read," and comprehend with very little trouble: there is *variety* in it sufficient to occupy *curious* attention for a few hours; enough of *pleasure* in it to *delight* the young; and more *morality* than is generally to be found in romances. This I can safely assert, that there is not in it one line, or word, that can give pain to a feeling bosom, or call up a blush on the cheek of maiden innocence. If there are any who imagine my characters are drawn from persons now living within our "ken," I cannot prevent them dressing up figures to please their own fancies—certes, I have displayed neither heroes nor heroines, but those "every-day" persons we constantly jostle on our road through life, and whose peculiarities pass unnoticed, because they appear, to a transient view,

so very common. The Wanderer's intrigues were mostly carried on in *foreign* lands—I have brought them *home* for amusement. Reader, a perusal of this work, if thou sittest down in a good humour, will do thee no *harm*, and may do thee much *good*, if thou regulate thy own conduct by the moral it conveys, that *permanent* happiness is only to be found in the practice of VIRTUE.

White Cottage, Camberwell,
November 8, 1824.

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WANDERINGS

OF

CHILDE HAROLDE.

CHAP. I.

"Who thinks a faultless character to see,
Expects what never was, and ne'er can be."

The Castle of *Childe Harolde*.—Picture of an unnatural father.—*Harolde*'s education—death of his parents—his character at eighteen years of age.—Family of farmer *Styles*—love for his daughter *Mary*—conduct towards her lover.—*Styles* expostulates with *Harolde*, and forbids him his house.—Meeting with *Mary* in the Glen of Alders—gives her his miniature—she leaves home, and places herself under *Harolde*'s protection.—Country slander.—Bad behaviour of *Henry Styles*—enlists for a soldier—obtains a commission.—*Harolde* goes to London—relieves the embarrassments of *Mary*'s father.—*Mary*'s illness.—*Harolde* arrives in time to close her eyes—grief for his first Love.—*Mary*'s funeral and tomb.

UPON a tremendous precipice, whose rugged base bids defiance to the waves of

the Northern Ocean, in the Highlands of Scotland, stands, in majestic grandeur, the castle of the Haroldes. During the feudal times, when every Scottish thane was a petty sovereign, the lords of Harolde bore mighty sway over many a Highland hill, respected by their vassals, and feared by their enemies. The progress of civilization and refinement have gradually reduced the power, and other causes the wealth, of this once princely house; and all that now remains of what they once possessed, is the title of baron, the ancient castle, and adjacent lands, worth a few thousands per annum.

No longer embosomed in woods, and surrounded by moats, bastions, and drawbridges, the castle is plainly to be seen, overlooking an elegant modern town, where the sails of commerce are unfurled,

and

and art and industry follow their peaceful occupations, sufficient of the antique remaining to shew what this building was, when might overcame right, and arms decided every dispute, however trivial—and the lords of Harolde still retain a considerable portion of their ancestors' pride, and haughty demeanour.

The father of the subject of this romance was an eccentric and disagreeable character: he bore arms in his youth in defence of his country; but his arrogant and quarrelsome disposition compelled him to quit an occupation where the first duty is obedience, and he could bear no superior. Notwithstanding his intemperate conduct, he could assume an appearance of the mildest and conciliating kind, make his conversation agreeable to all, the female sex in particular, and be a most fi-

nished gentleman when he pleased—that is, when it suited his interest to put on the mask of deception, which must have sat painfully, on one whose impetuous temper brooked no control: his fine figure, and "a tongue which could wheedle o'er the devil," won the affections of a young lady, daughter to a neighbouring peer, and with her hand he received a large fortune, which he soon dissipated in horseracing, cards, and every low pursuit. His cruelty to his wife was of the most brutish and savage nature, descending to abuse, and, when he could with security to himself, to blows. One man, and that a humble menial in his family, could rule him; this was the gardener; he often interposed, and cooled him in his anger. Once he actually attempted to throw the lady into a pond near the castle, when the gardener

gardener inflicted upon him a just and a severe chastisement. Overawed by this poor man's virtue, he dared not to discharge him; and he was known amongst the tenants by the honourable appellation of—the Peacemaker. The birth of a son did not give him any pleasure; the feelings of a parent were to him unknown; his heart was callous to sensibility, and brutalized by the practice of degrading vices: this child he left entirely to a mother's care; and for years he never even saw it, or inquired how it was bringing up. Such was the father of our hero—of *Childe Harolde*, for by that name his mother loved to designate him, on account of an old ballad, which sung the praises of an ancestor, famous, under that title, for his wanderings, and his exploits in field and bower.

The Childe's mother educated him herself till he was nine years of age, when he was sent to a public seminary, in the town near to Harolde Castle: it was kept by a man eminent for his erudition; he was a philosopher and a poet; and from him Childe Harolde imbibed a taste for the Muses, which, nurtured amongst the lofty mountains and deep forests of Caledonia, gave him that romantic turn, and threw over his mind that sombre hue, which embittered many of his days, and cast a shade of pensive melancholy over his brightest and most warm enjoyments.

About the time he went to school, his father died; and shortly after, his beloved mother resigned her gentle spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. So much attached was the Childe to his deceased mother's memory, that he went by her maiden name

name for several years, and was highly incensed when called by that of his father, to whom he was indebted for nought but existence.

Childe Harolde was famous, both in and out of school, for youthful qualifications; he learned every thing apparently without an effort; and in sports of an athletic nature, he bore away the palm from all competitors. His delight was to thread the mazes of the thick woods, scale the mountain tops in quest of the towering eagle's nest, and when tired with exercise, plunge into the stream that meandered through the valley, and lave his limbs for hours together. His temper was irritable, but forgiving, and his generosity displayed itself to all his youthful friends who needed his assistance.

His guardians removed him from a

place where he had learned all they could teach, to a place where

"Grateful science still adores her Henry's holy shade."

There he remained several years, improving in mind and person. Every vacation he resorted to the Highlands of Scotland, and cultivated the Muses, more for amusement than any hope of fame.

At the age of eighteen, he completed his studies, and bid farewell to *Alma mater*, retiring to the seat of his ancestors.

His person at this period was accounted uncommonly handsome, his manners prepossessing, and his figure above the middle size, delicate, but elegantly formed; his eyes were dark and piercing—his cheek bones prominent—his nose rather turned upwards—his lips large and blushing—and the glow of health which spread over his animated

animated countenance, proclaimed that his exterior was emblematic of the noble mind within.

Childe Harolde possessed much of the irritability of genius; he was easily roused to anger, and difficult to be appeased; in his loves and friendships warm and sincere —open in his hatred or contempt for the base and vile; a lover of truth, he neither gave nor received flattery—a zealous advocate for man's independence, and an enthusiastic admirer of liberty, he entertained a sovereign dislike to tyranny, and was beneficent and charitable even beyond what prudence would justify; he reverenced old times and customs—had more of the pride of birth about him than he actually knew himself—a friend to a limited monarchy, and a supporter of the laws.—His voice was melodious—he might be called

" silver-tongued," from the gentleness of its varied tones; his conversation was rapid and brilliant, running from theme to theme, as if anxious to give utterance to a thousand ideas at once; he spoke with grammatical correctness, loved a pun, honoured a good jest, and was a convivial companion. As a set-off to these bright characters, there were many specks in his sun. Impatient of contradiction, he often took offence where none was intended, and gave offence very abruptly, heedless of the consequences—subject to violent fits of passion, which knew no bounds—

" Not Thule's waves so fiercely break,
To drown the northern shore—
Not Etna's entrails louder shake
Or Scythia's tempests roar."

When he once entertained a prejudice, he seldom let it die within him—he either

loved

loved or *hated.* Warm in his passions, they led him daily astray; he looked upon illicit love as a very venial sin, and was intemperate over his wine, though not a toper; he was subject to intervals of sullenness, which came upon him like an intermittent fever, making him morose and ill-tempered to every one; ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, he heeded neither religion nor morality; when once he gave the reins to gallantry, lavish of his purse, careless of his person—his mind mingled virtue and vice indiscriminately together; all his failings were tinctured with good qualities—all his *virtues* sullied by weakness; in him, "the elements were so mingled," that he was *good* and *evil,* unconscious of the change; his mind, his heart, his soul, were steeped in the luxury

of love, and in every action of his life, that passion *was predominant.*

At the seat of his ancestors Childe Harolde remained till he became of age. His taste led him to make no alterations in the castle. The exterior remained venerable and in ruins, the turrets appeared trembling over head, and the basements mouldering to decay; the court before was naked and desolate, not decorated by a single tree, or fragrant by the perfume of a single flower; the walks were rank with weeds, and the walls, in some places, level with the ground. A modern poet has well described such a scene of dilapidation—

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
Thou hall of my fathers art gone to decay;
In thy desolate courts the rank hemlock and thistle
Now choke up the rose that late bloom'd in the way."

In

In the neighbourhood of the castle stood a small farm-house, not belonging to the estates of Childe Harolde. The farmer was respected for his virtues more than his wealth; and during the boyhood of the Childe, he spent much of his holiday-time with that family, which consisted of one son and two daughters. Youthful friendships are soon formed; they value not distinction of rank; pride is not known, and property considered of little importance. As the Childe advanced in years, he still continued his friendship to this family; and when he refused to associate with his peers and others who courted his acquaintance, he spent whole evenings at the farmer's fireside.

Farmer Styles was far from ignorant. He had in early youth been a seaman, and traversed every part of the Mediterranean

Sea:

Sea: the islands of Greece were familiar to him, and the descriptions he gave of their beauties of soil and climate, and their faded glories in architecture and sculpture, inspired Childe Harolde with a desire to visit them. His classic knowledge had made them familiar, and gave them an interest dear to the poet's soul. The conversation of farmer Styles determined Childe Harolde to set out forthwith for Greece; but one thing yet induced him to linger, and that one thing was love.

"Procrastination is the thief of time,"

and so is love, to find time for which, every thing else is sacrificed; public, private duties, business, and too often honour and honesty, give way before the influence of this deity.

Farmer Styles had a daughter, named Mary,

Mary, about the same age as Childe Harolde. She had been his playmate, and the Childe's mother encouraged her to visit the castle, treating her as her son's companion, and permitting her to partake in his studies. From this cause, Mary was better informed than any of her neighbours, and acquired such good manners, that she was called "Miss" by all in the parish—some from ridicule, others as a deserved compliment. As children, the Childe and her were greatly attached to each other, and it "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength." The Childe's constant summer visits from school to his native seat, when he kept up the intimacy with farmer Styles's family, prevented them from feeling any difference that age and fortune had made betwixt them. They continued

ed to treat him with easy familiarity; and he looked upon the old man as a father, and his children as brother and sisters. Childe Harolde however had long felt that Mary was *not* his sister; and probably when they exchanged vows of truth together, he addressed her as in the elegant poem of The Bride of Abydos—

"Zuleika, I am not thy brother."

Mary Styles was tall and elegantly shaped; her bust was unornamented beauty; she was a goddess of the hills; the freshness of the rose, and the chastened softness of the lily, gave lustre to her cheek; her eyes were blue and sparkling—her teeth like rows of pearl in a bed of coral; her hair alone was not what we call pleasing. "Golden locks" were once admired in Scotland, and why not so still?—Fancy dictates

dictates to a lover's breast. Mary felt not that her hair was of an unfashionable colour, and her lover thought it waved as luxuriantly over her fine-falling shoulders, and wantoned on her ivory neck, as if it were of the auburn's glossy hue.

First love is always imprudent—but, at the time, generally sincere. What the intentions of Childe Harolde with respect to Mary might have originally been, must be guessed at. They made love to each other long before they spoke upon the subject, and each had lost a heart before they were sensible they had one to lose.

The farmer had long observed with pain their mutual attachment, and often resolved to open his lips on the subject: he could not bring himself to the cruel necessity, of dismissing from his threshold the man he had dandled on his knee when a child,

a child, and whom he loved almost as dearly as his own offspring: moreover, he felt now honoured by the condescension of the lord of the castle, who paid him the same deference he had done, before either titles or wealth were in his possession. He had also a firm reliance on his principles of honour, and his daughter's virtue he confided in, as a shield which would effectually guard her against infamy.

Not so old Mrs. Styles; she was eternally warning Mary of her danger, and throwing out hints to Childe Harold, he affected not to believe applied to him. "In gude faith," she would say, "Mary, the lord is but a daft chiel at times, and wi' five thousand a-year, he'll no stoop to mak ye a leddy, and yere too gude to be his harlot."

The farmer impatiently looked for the time

time when Harolde would go to London, and thence on his travels: he was often sulky, and reproached himself for entertaining suspicions he believed were groundless.

There was a young farmer on the castle estate much attached to Mary, and offered to marry her without a portion; but she turned a deaf ear to all his professions; and farmer Styles was too good a parent to endeavour to force his daughter's inclinations; in fact, where the heart was concerned, and the happiness of a whole life depended, he deemed it a crime even to try persuasion.

Harolde, it was observed by many, bore no good-will to this young farmer; he even refused him a lease of his land, and by so doing, compelled him to remove to a distance. This conduct sprung from his known

known *penchant* for Mary Styles, and it cannot be justified: it is true, Harolde had a right to do with his own property as he pleased; but to turn out a good tenant, without assigning any cause, naturally created inquiry amongst neighbours. The farmer in bitter terms spoke of his harsh treatment, and scrupled not to attribute it to Harolde's designs upon the woman he had offered to make his wife; and slander, which in country places soon spreads wide its venom, very soon set down Mary and Harolde as guilty creatures, before they had even exchanged a single kiss.

The farmer now, especially when he saw no intention on Harolde's part to take his departure, became hurt and alarmed. The reputation of his daughter was assailed; he had become a subject for whispers

as

as he passed along; and determined to speak to Harolde the first time he came to his house. The mother had read Mary a lecture to little effect. Mary was a thoughtless, giddy girl; she was never seen except in smiles; it was impossible to make her serious; and whilst her friends enjoyed health and happiness, she was happy also, and kept care a day's march behind her.

The farmer spoke so sensibly to Harolde, that he acquiesced in his desire, not to visit his humble roof so frequently: he vindicated his own and Mary's character from vile insinuations; and to the farmer's request, that he would not meet, or speak, to Mary, any where but in his presence, he gave a flat refusal. This, and the dismissal of the young farmer from the estate, raised an unfavourable impression, for

for the first time, in the farmer's mind, against his young and noble friend, and he bluntly forbade him the house.

Harolde smiled, took his hat, and retired: on his way home, he met Mary and some others; he called her to him, and in a few words, desired her to meet him, after sunset, in the Glen of Alders. She promised to do so; and returning to her companions, remarked, that she never saw Harolde so much agitated and out of humour.

Farmer Styles, after Harolde had closed the door, rose and paced the room with no enviable feelings: he had parted from a friend, with whom he could be on friendly terms no more. He felt as if he had lost one of his own family, and that he had been doing an act of cruel injustice. Had he taken this decisive step years before, when

when Harolde assumed his title, and became lord of the castle, he had done wisely; but it was now too late, and he was only hastening an evil he was endeavouring to avert. Unfortunately, his wife just then entered, and highly commended his conduct. Mary followed close at her heels, and received a severe injunction never again to speak to Harolde. She burst into tears, and thus was left by her parents.

A friendship, begun in infancy, and continued to maturity, is not to be broken by a single command; and Mary was of such a kind disposition, this command appeared to her most horrible.

"As calm and gentle as the dove,
As free from guile and art,
And mild and soft as infant love,
The passions of her heart."

She

She could not be cruel, and felt it was no sin to disobey her father's stern mandate. She resolved to meet the friend and companion of her youth at the Glen of Alders that evening. The sun set majestically over the Highland hills—not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the blossomed hawthorn—the river glided without a murmur over its pebbled bed—the blackbird's clear whistle sounded from the thicket, and the evening song of the lark descended from the sky in the most pleasing cadences—the time was formed for love—

> "Soft as the balmy breath of morn,
> And gentler than an infant's sigh;
> Mild as the hour when Hope was born,
> And Love descended from the sky."

For the first time in her days, Mary had recourse to deceit: she had told a falsehood

falsehood to her mother, as an excuse to meet Harolde: this was one step towards her ruin.

> " Sincerity, thou first of virtues,
> Let no one forsake thy honoured path,
> Though hell should gape, and from its yawning centre,
> Threaten destruction."

Mary reached the Glen of Alders, trembling and agitated beyond what she had ever felt before. She had never dreaded meeting Harolde, and why she now fancied she was doing an improper act, she could not tell: her intentions were pure; and when Harolde approached, and taking her hand, placed her arm within his, she dared not look up in his face, and in stepping out, a sudden faintness overcame her, and she would have sunk to the ground, had he not supported her to a daisy-sprinkled seat, where they had often

reposed in their infantine days. He laid her head on his left shoulder, and kissing her pale lips, whispered—"Mary, my ever dear Mary, be composed, and all will be well."

An idea of future ill now rushed across her mind, as she recovered herself, and passing her hand over her forehead, she exclaimed—"Harolde, my brain is burning; I fear I do wrong in coming here; for my parents ordered me never to see you again."

"And I," said Harolde, "am forbidden your house; but I love you, Mary, to distraction, and will make you happy, in spite of fate!"

He soothed the poor girl into peace; she confessed that she loved him above all the world. He gave her a small box, in which was a concealed miniature of himself, and took in exchange a lock of her hair.

hair. They parted, with promises to meet again in the same place. Harolde returned to the castle, pleased but not satisfied with himself. Mary was sorrowful, but inwardly delighted with the assurance of Harolde's love; and in a few weeks her parents, judging from her tranquillity, imagined she had ceased to think of Harolde with regret.

In the adjacent town there were two newspapers published: copies of verses appeared in them at times, addressed—"To Mary." The public knew the author. In the vicinity of the castle, every one applied them to Mary Styles, and she, flattered by the distinction, foolishly boasted in the circle of her acquaintances, that she was the heroine of Harolde's muse. This was enough to ruin her character, with people less scrupulous than

Highlanders on all points concerning female chastity; and she suddenly found herself discarded by her juvenile friends, sneered at by the old, and continually reproached at home by her parents, for crimes of which she was innocent. She poured her complaints into her lover's bosom; their meetings became more frequent; and eventually Mary became that which every one had long supposed her to be.

The intrigue was carried on with so much secrecy, that her parents remained ignorant of the worst, until an accident developed the truth. She left the box which Harolde had given her by mistake in the parlour, when her sister handling it, let it fall; the spring burst, and shewed the miniature, with a letter in Harolde's writing. She returned when her parents were busied in reading it; she saw the extent

extent of her misery, and snatching the box and the letter out of their hands, crushed them into her bosom, and rushed from the house, no more to return.

The feelings of the family were acute, and their dishonour sealed. Mary hastened to the glen, where she disclosed to Harolde the catastrophe which had for ever excluded her from her father's door. He placed her with one of his tenants, on a mountain farm, and fitted up part of the house, where he passed most of his time in her society. The old saying, "that it never rains but it pours," was exemplified in this instance. Harolde was censured as Mary's seducer, though seduction had not any thing to do with the case—it was a mutual sacrifice on the altar of love. Nay, it was industriously circulated, that Harolde had his hands full of

similar intrigues—that he debauched every one he could, and gloried in his infamy—his conduct was thoughtless—he kept an open house, and his companions were young men of dissolute characters, who brought with them from London all the fashionable vices of the age. He disdained, either by adopting an opposite line of behaviour, or by words, to justify himself from these malignant accusations: the stream gathered strength as it rolled along, and his good name was swept away by the torrent:—

"Cold damning envy, with her poisonous breath,
Taints the pure surface of an honest fame;
And active calumny, more dread than death,
Stamps sickening virtue with the blush of shame."

About this time, young Henry Styles, from being a sober, industrious man, neglected his business, frequented public houses,

houses, and almost wholly absented himself from his parents' dwelling. This arose from an impure connexion he had formed with a woman of infamous character; but people attributed it to the seduction of his sister; though the truth was, he had quarrelled with, and not spoken to her for a twelvemonth previous to her falling. He enlisted for a soldier, and Harolde, who had his welfare at heart, procured him a commission; and he embarked for the Continent, where he distinguished himself so as to gain rapid promotion.

Mary never mentioned marriage to her lover, from a dread of losing him, and he, though ardent and affectionate, gave her no room to suppose she would ever be his wife. A year passed by, with no alteration in the circumstances of either, when

he was suddenly called to London, leaving her at the mountain farm.

Mary had begun to recover the esteem of those around her. Harolde allowed her plenty of money, and her charities, judiciously bestowed, were extensive; even the pride of her parents was humbled, from necessity and self-interest. Farmer Styles was old, and in the absence of his son, obliged to trust the management of his concerns to strangers' hands: he was cheated, and on the verge of bankruptcy, when it came to Mary's knowledge. She wrote to Harolde in London, who remitted her a sum of money large enough to clear all her father's embarrassments, and enable him to hold his head higher than those who had exulted in the prospect of his ruin. He was reconciled to his daughter; but she never could

could be persuaded to enter a house from whence Harolde and herself had been driven.

Harolde had been absent three months, when he received a letter in a strange hand; he kept it by him for half a day, dreading to open it, and at last, summoning resolution, he broke the seal. It was from the farmer in the mountains, acquainting him that Mary had been seized with a typhus fever, and her life was considered in imminent danger. Forgetting all business, as of minor consideration, he ordered a travelling chaise and four, and journeying night and day, soon arrived at Castle Harolde. He flew up the mountain, and found all his anticipations short of the fact: bereft of her senses, raving, and calling on his name, he found the woman his soul adored stretched on the

last bed of human wo. He would accept of no consolation—he would not undress—but sat at her bedside, or paced the room in silent anguish, for three days: on the fourth, as he was moistening her parched lips, she opened her eyes; fixing them on him with an expression of dying tenderness, she faintly uttered—"Are you here, my Lord? now I shall die happy." She pressed his hand to her burning lips; it was the last motion of life, and in the act of kissing it, she expired.

Harolde knelt down by the bedside, as if in prayer. After a few minutes had elapsed, he rose with a tranquillized mien, took a last look, and a last kiss of his first love, and hurried away to the castle. He was closeted with his steward for several hours, and after a slight refreshment, without having laid down or slept for three

three days, he threw himself into his carriage, and left the seat of his forefathers, to which he was destined never more to return.

Mary was interred in the village churchyard, few but her family attending. The solemn ceremony was performed at midnight, that none might gaze upon her when dead, whom they had slandered so basely when living. By Harolde's direction, every poor person in the parish had a suit of decent mourning and a guinea; and three of her female friends, who adhered to her under every vicissitude, received fifty pounds each and a ring. These, with the exception of her parents, were the only real mourners that accompanied the remains of beauty to the grave—

" The tomb, the consecrated dome,
The temple rais'd to peace;
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race."

A simple stone, under a spreading elm, merely records her name and age, but her memory will long live in the recollection of those her benevolence rendered happy.

When the earth had covered her, then calumny ceased to operate, and justice was done to her virtues, even by her greatest enemies; and the farmer, whose addresses she had rejected, came to shed a tributary tear on the green turf, and bid it lay lightly on her head. Harolde heard of this, and put him into the best farm on his estate.

" When age and infirmity sinks to the tomb,
The mind is prepar'd by the gradual decay;
But when beauty's cut off in life's opening bloom,
We mourn that it passes so quickly away."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine are the charms of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play. CAMPBELL.

Visionary prospects.—Wilful errors.—Renounces politics and the Court.—*Harolde*'s superior talents—selects *Charles Freeman* as a friend.—Introduction to Sir *George Howell* and Miss *Wellbank*—her person and disposition.—A mushroom title.—Views of the baronet.—A first introduction to public life.—Extravagance.—*Harolde*'s affection for Miss *Wellbank*—quits London to avoid her company.—Scene on board a Dover packet.—Plans for travelling with *Freeman*.—Dialogue between a London milliner and Lady *Soaplees*.—*Harolde*'s indignation.—Good advice not always palatable.—Ludicrous scenes in landing at Calais—an upset in the mud.—Arrival in Paris.—Schemes to pluck the pigeon.—Introduction to the Countess *Bonvilliers*—her person, house, and character.—A revolutionary husband.—*Harolde* becomes an admirer of the Countess—his valuation of beauty.—Gaming.—Discovery at the *Opera Comique*.—Count *Danvers* resolves to abandon the Countess.—Public reports.—Expected arrival of General *Bonvilliers*.

HAROLDE did not seclude himself from the world on account of his heavy loss, but sought

sought in society a relief from the cares of his bosom. His grief was sincere, but his youth and buoyant spirits prevented it from being lasting. Hope beckoned him, and he did not despair of future happiness, because the present had been blighted in the bud, and the spring morning of joy overshadowed by clouds. There was an elasticity of disposition in Childe Harolde, which kept his fancy bounding on, always in hope of some distant pleasure, which failed to give satisfaction when within his grasp: he was ever in pursuit of some ideal vision; when it glided away and left him disappointed, he turned with additional stimulus to some other prospect more cheering, but equally unstable. He could well have applied the poet's lines to himself—

"Let the bright vision dance before mine eyes;
Though false the prospect, Hope it will inspire;
Hope ne'er fulfill'd, till soars above yon skies
That soul which prompts my hand to string the lyre."

Harolde was now in London, the centre of gaiety, luxury, and love; his fortune ample, and his spirits equal to all the enjoyments of life. He took up his abode at a fashionable hotel near Bond-street, and entered into all the dissipations his youth, rank, and connexions, laid him open to. He often said, when reproaching himself for extravagant deeds, that he voluntarily sinned with his eyes open, and deserved to suffer for his follies. Having taken his seat in the Upper House, and kissed hands on coming to his title, he at once bid adieu to the court and the senate. No inducement could tempt him to venture amongst the

the quicksands of politics, though every way fitted to make a shining figure: his understanding was strong; his knowledge of history and the laws, the constitution and state, profound; his eloquence brilliant and flowery, but still it contained truth and reason, highly embellished by a vigorous fancy. These qualifications were all lost to him and to his country; he had sworn never to be a politician, and having once risen from his seat, he never occupied it again. The etiquette of a court galled him; he would not be fettered by ridiculous forms; the insipidity of a levee, where men, and men only, came to see and be seen, he despised. The formality of a drawing-room, where women were stiffened out in silks and lace, like so many automatoms for show, he thought a great deviation from nature,

and

and would not degrade himself by jostling through it, in danger of suffocation. Freedom of enjoyment he delighted in. "A bottle and a friend," bachelor's fare, "bread and cheese and kisses," for a time, made up the *summum bonum* of his wishes. He became an author from choice, and wrote and published works not inferior to any writer of his day; those who were acquainted with his habits, were at a loss to guess where he found leisure for such serious occupations. The truth is, he had no leisure; his mind was ever busy, and whatever he took in hand, serious or playful, he could execute without a single effort. Genius was seated in his brain, and knowledge flowed from his fingers' ends.

Amongst his many acquaintances, he selected one for a friend, of a disposition

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the reverse of his own—the rose and the thistle were not more different. This young man, the second son of a courtly baronet, had but then escaped from the trammels of a college life. He was a bookworm of a grave deportment; not tainted by any vices, undistinguished by any superior virtues, deeply versed in classic lore, and in every thing which may be termed a well-read gentleman. He loved a social glass, could spend an evening in agreeable trifling at the theatre or an assembly, but never rushed into extremes, and was as a Mentor to Harolde, though in years they were nearly equal.

Such was Charles Freeman, the chosen friend of Childe Harolde, with whom he spent all his serious hours, and many of his jocund nights. Freeman endeavoured to draw him from the dissolute company that

that had enthralled him, and for that purpose, introduced him to those domestic circles, where rational supercedes licentious enjoyments. The change had some effect. At the house of Sir George Howell they always met select company. The niece of the baronet, a young lady with a fortune of ten thousand pounds per annum, was expected from the North, to make her *début* on the stage of fashionable levity. Her beauty and accomplishments were highly spoken of by those who had seen her at an assize ball or a country race. All the old tabbies were prepared to pull her to pieces, and dissect her inch by inch; the young people of her own sex, ready to envy her, and decry both her fortune and person; and the bucks of the other, resolved to admire what at least had the merit of weighing ten thousand pounds, in a balance

lance annually. Freeman was ever ringing her praises in Harolde's ears, who often expressed an anxiety to see her. At length the lady came, and the two friends were invited to meet her at a party *en famille.*

Harolde was introduced to her by Sir George; Freeman eyed him attentively, but could not perceive, by any look or change of features, that she had made the least impression upon him, although Harolde was quick at catching early impressions; and it was very seldom, if he did not distinguish any one particularly at a first interview, that he sought a second with them.

The party broke up early in the evening, and the friends, over a bottle at Long's, discussed the merits of the new arrival. Harolde declared, that he thought her tolerably pretty, quite unaffected, sensible

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in her conversation, but—" I doubt," said he, " from a certain expression of countenance, when her uncle once or twice took the liberty of contradicting her, that she has not a very good temper." Freeman was not a disciple of Lavater—very little read in the lines of female beauty, so he bowed in silence to his friend's opinion.

Next day Harolde, on returning from the morning call, had a better opinion of Miss Wellbank, and every day he found out something fresh to admire. From going to Sir George Howell's willingly when invited, he soon began to invite himself, and Sir George gladly received him, for he had all along wished for a union betwixt his niece and Harolde.

Sir George had been a city merchant, and was still engaged in a firm that transacted money matters. His title was recent,

cent, and a tribute paid to his wealth and parliamentary influence, for he had two boroughs at command, and supported ministers through thick and thin without scruple. His family were not able to trace their genealogy up to a great-great-grandfather—that of his niece, by her mother's side, was ancient, and the seat of the Wellbanks in Northumberland vied in point of antiquity with the dukes of that county, to whom they were related. Sir George Howell sighed for a connexion which would give importance to his family, and the title of baroness was the least he hoped to obtain for his niece. Her inclinations he never thought of; he considered matrimony as a matter of money business, and imagined that any one might be happy with rank and wealth in their possession.

The young lady was ambitious of title, but

but would not force her inclinations to obtain it. She entertained a high opinion of the power of her charms, and her fortune gave her more pride than became her. She had a heart, but not a very tender one; she loved flattery, and believed it, because she thought it her due; and looked for the subservience of a slave in the assiduities of a lover. Miss Wellbank did not make that impression on the town her friends expected. She was ushered into the drawing-room blazing in jewels; her reception was marked; and next day the Morning Post devoted half a column to describe her robes and fair person. Here the eclat ended. Wanting wit and impudence to push her face at public places, she merged into the multitude of young heiresses, who are inquired after more on account of their fortunes than accomplishments,

ments, and became a toast at the Guards' club-room and pic-nic dinners of St. James's-street, where the inquiry after a new appearance is, not "what is she like in person?" but "what does she weigh in purse?"

Harolde, I have before mentioned, had a large share of family pride, and his attentions to Miss Wellbank were so pointed, that they became a subject for talk at the tea-tables of the west. People of his own rank jeered him on his queer *penchant* for the merchant's niece, and, with his usual fickleness, he resolved to "cut" before it was too late. He had made no declaration of his sentiments, though it was expected, and would have been well received; and a little time to travel and consider, before he took so important a step, he deemed absolutely necessary. Harolde had

had likewise another reason for travelling. His expences had long far exceeded his income, and he was too honourable and proud, to think of marriage for the base purpose of clearing his estates from debts a little retrenchment would enable him to liquidate.

He proposed to Freeman to accompany him on his travels, to which he agreed with some astonishment, for he fully expected a marriage almost *instanter* betwixt his friend and Miss Wellbank. Without questioning his motives, Freeman prepared for his departure. Harolde discharged all his English servants; and without going to bid adieu to Sir George Howell and family, set out for Dover in a postchaise with Freeman.

The astonishment of the Howells when they learnt the cause of Harolde's absence,

was inconceivable. Sir George cursed his oversight, in not offering Harolde a supply of cash to pay his debts, for these he thought had driven him abroad, Freeman having hinted as much in a letter from Canterbury, apologizing for not having called to bid farewell. Sir George, who took a mechanical view of every thing, again doubted that debt could force a man from home who had it in his power, by merely marrying, to make himself independent at the expence of his wife's fortune. Sir George had no feeling but one, in which wealth and title were comprised; his soul was fettered down to the corrupt pillar of self-interest and false pride. He sent for his niece, and scolded over the conduct of the runaway lover, finally advising her to think of him no more, and he would look

out

out for another, of family and title equally noble, to make her happy.

Miss Wellbank was not heartless; she had been flattered into a belief that Harolde really loved her, and felt obliged to him for his favourable opinions. She would have married him, and, if possible, made him a good wife; she now felt hurt and disappointed.

The condolence of officious friends on these occasions is unbearable. Miss Wellbank determined to shun all this, and made her exit from the *ton*, as quietly as her quondam lover had done. Sir George dared not oppose her wishes, for she was nearly of age, and he had seen enough of her spirit, to put him in fear of her marrying without his consent, and losing him the honour of being allied to nobility.

She retired to her uncle's seat at Wind--

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sor; and having been always brought up in the country, it was really a pleasure to her, losing sight of London smoke, noise, and dissipation. In the scandalous chronicle, it was reported the lady had need of temporary retirement; and the most favourable construction put upon her retreat was, that she had been jilted, and carried from town a mortified spirit and humbled pride. Had Miss Wellbank chosen to remain in town, and braved it out, she would have ensured a triumph, and Harolde would have been set down as the rejected lover. Miss Wellbank was not sufficiently versed in public intrigues for this sort of "get off," and moreover her heart was a little touched, which she had not art to disguise from the discrimination of her own assuming sex, who, to gratify spleen, pretend that glass is not transparent,

transparent, and yet affect to see through a deal board.

Harolde was so lost in thought, that he did not exchange twenty words with his friend before they arrived at Dover, where the noise and bustle on the quays roused his energies into action; he laughed and enjoyed the scene; no one could otherwise, except he who is suffering from the impertinence of those around him: no sooner does a packet run alongside of the pier, than she is assailed by tide-waiters, blockade men, porters, servants, barbers, and landlords, all anxious for a share of the prey. Cards of the Ship Inn, York Hotel, &c. are thrust into the passenger's hands, as he lands; his luggage seized upon *vi et armis*, by custom-house officers, and his person hurried away, to be searched for contraband goods. They

do not, as Sterne has it, "Order these matters better in France," but worse; you are literally baited to death at Calais; it is in vain to contend—for the porters are females, whose clappers astound the ears, and whom you can neither threaten nor chastise into better behaviour.

Resolved to avoid every thing English, as much as possible, Harolde chose to sail in a French packet; he was going abroad, not to associate with his own countrymen, but to view society and manners different from what he left behind—to acquire a knowledge of foreign countries, more accurately to judge of the blessings in his own. For these reasons he proposed making foreigners his associates, and having as little as possible to do with those British coxcombs, who travel for the name of having done so; and might know as much by

by sitting in a chimney corner, near Watling-street, as they glean by pacing the Boulevards, and gorging at Very's, with animals of their own breed and complexion.

Harolde wished not to return a "monkey that had seen the world," but something superior if he could. The master of the packet was a French seaman of the old school, with whose profession the manners of a gentleman are not incompatible. Amongst the passengers, were a little English milliner from Bond-street, going to Paris to return with the latest fashions, and the wife of a Spitalfields soap-boiler. The milliner was engaged in giving her fat companion an entertaining history of all the scandal of the west, in return for which, she ever and anon plied her with the contents of her liqueur case, in order to keep away sea-sickness. As Harolde

rested upon a sofa, he listened to the following edifying conversation.

Lady Soaplees.—Vell, I declare, Miss, you hinterteens me wastly. I never goed vest of Temple-bar, except that time my husband vent to count the hobnails at Vestminster Hall to the judges; for you must know, Sir Simon Soaplees has been alderman, sheriff, lord mayor, and speaker in the Bible Society, many's the time and oft. My daughter is in Parish, finishing her hedication, and I'm going to bring her home, and have her married to a lord.

Milliner.—Lord, mem! talking of a lord, puts me in mind of Lord Harolde—you have heard of him, my lady, he writes so well and so fine, and all that—what do you think he's done?

Lady Soaplees.—No harm, I hope, for I likes his werses much.

Milliner.—

Milliner.—Why he's run his country, my Lady. He was going to be married to Miss Wellbank, the rich north country heiress. The house was taken, and splendidly furnished, the equipage launched, the ring provided, and the Bishop of Durham bespoke to perform the ceremony; when, all of a sudden, Lord Harolde goes to Sir George Howell's, seizes him by the collar, calls him a rogue, and his niece no better, my Lady, than she should be, flings the marriage articles on the table, and bouncing out of the house, sets off for Italy that very day.

Lady Soaplees.—That vas wery strange indeed, ma'am.

Milliner.—Oh! not so strange neither, when you know the reason; it seems the lady had been brought up amongst grooms and scullions, and was partial to their so-

ciety; and the coachman, Robin Rawbones, was a rival of my Lord: he got scent of this low intrigue, and actually caught them in a hayloft together. 'Tis true, pon honour—my own sister made up the wedding clothes, and may be, may make up the baby linen. Every one thought the lady was growing fat—but she will soon be lean again; she is gone to the country with a nurse—a child's nurse, my Lady, I mean. The family are all horrified, and Mr. Charles Freeman, Sir George Howell's second cousin, is gone after Lord Harolde, to blow his brains out; but the stain on the family honour nothing can ever blow away.

Harolde nearly lost all patience at this impertinent string of lies, and starting from the sofa, hurried on deck, and joined his friend Freeman, to whom he imparted what

what he had heard. Freeman only smiled, and said he doubted not but there were fifty such tales in circulation by that time —" 'Tis but now," said he, " that I heard those two officers giving a different version of the story, viz.—' That Sir George had discovered you were over head and ears in debt, and had mortgaged your estate to the last acre; and the lady had certain information you had seduced a young lady in Scotland, and abandoned her, when in despair she took poison and died."

Harolde felt a little sore upon this—his Mary rushed upon his recollection, and he bitterly execrated the scandal of London.

" It is the same every where," returned Freeman—" in Paris, Rome, or Naples, mark me, wherever you go, you will furnish food for calumny to prey upon:

your open, headlong temper—your devotion to the fair sex, expose you more than any one I know: you must either totally give up your present mode of life, or make up your mind to be abused and belied by all the scandal-mongers in Europe."

To alter his way of life on a sudden, Harolde knew to be impossible; but in a fit of honourable retribution, he almost determined to return to London, throw himself at Miss Wellbank's feet, and solicit her pardon and her hand. The dread of being refused prevented his taking this step; and the gossip of city dames and milliners he thought unlikely to reach her ears. He summoned his philosophy to his aid—promised Freeman to go laughing to Paris—and as he said

"Adieu, adieu, my native land
Fades o'er the waters blue,"

he

he filled a bumper, and pledging his friend, exclaimed—" Here's a health to our noble selves, as citizens of the world."

It was low tide when the packet arrived off Calais harbour; and at such times, you must either submit to be carried on the shoulders of women, a full half mile through mud, or wait patiently on board till high water. Harolde sat down to wait for a more favourable time to land, and enjoyed the strange scene of disembarkation. The two officers, in full dress of the grenadier guards, mounted guard across two womens shoulders; and with the loss only of their caps, reached land in safety. Not so fortunate the citizen's wife and the milliner; the latter descended upon the arm of a very fat fish-fag—the former upon a diminutive creature's shoulders, who had more spirit than strength.

strength. Immediately upon quitting the packet's sides, the little woman reeled under her burden of Soaplees, which fell against the little milliner, and at once dislodged her from the back of her brawny bearer. All four came down in the mud; the lady, broadside on, caused the dirt to fly up, as if a whale were spouting in the agonies of death. The milliner's form was directly reversed, her heels being in the air, and her head out of sight in the mud. They were raked on board again with difficulty; when Harolde could not help sarcastically observing to the milliner —" That it was a pity she had not Robin Rawbones, Sir George Howell's coachman, to carry her safe, and some of the wedding clothes her sister made, to effect a change with."

This little accident Harolde considered a just

a just reward for the scandal which had given him such pain ; it put him in good humour with himself and all around him. At Calais he made a short stay, and set out in the diligence for Paris. Having paid his respects, as a matter of form, to the British ambassador, he left his card at the door of the Countess Bonvilliers's hotel. This was the only person in Paris to whom Harolde had brought an introduction ; but his name soon spread through all the parterres of fashion : the mushroom nobility of Napoleon poured their attentions upon him ; the black-legs of the Palais Royale anticipated a rich harvest ; and the opera girls replumed their caps, to catch this wayward bird of passage.

Charles Freeman busied himself in perusing the galleries of art, and exploring the catacombs ; so that Harolde, left to himself,

himself, gave full swing to his inclinations; he was like a ship at sea, without pilot or rudder to guide her, and had run upon a hundred shoals before Freeman, his Palinurus, was aware of his danger. At the Countess Bonvilliers's he met all the rank and fashion of Paris. Her *conversationes* were crowded with marshals, dukes, ministers of state, bishops, and *petit-maîtres;* and every beauty, married or single, there displayed her charms. Arts, sciences, pleasures, love, and glory, were alternately discussed with Parisian elegance and freedom; it was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" and Harolde was perfectly in his element.

The Countess was in her thirtieth year, but looked much younger; descended from an ancient and illustrious family, who were obliged to fly at the time of the Revolution,

volution, she was brought up by her fugitive parents in Switzerland, and when only seventeen, married to General Bonvilliers, a soldier of fortune, one of Napoleon's counts: he came recommended to her parents, by his wealth, his good name, and having the command of an army; he was recommended to the lady, by his handsome person, noble mind, generosity, and glory. They had lived happily—that is, as man and wife usually do in France, fulfilling the child's bargain—" you let me alone, I'll let you alone."

The General was a man of gallantry, and though he really loved his wife, he loved others also. The Countess was not content to *share* his heart; and her charms conquered so many, that she had no reason to regret the loss of her husband's. She was famous for her intrigues; any real

real criminality had never been brought home to her, for a good reason—at Paris it is *nobody's* business to find out a woman's failings, and *every body's* business to give her a good name, who has a good face to carry her through the vortex of dissipation.

The grace and elegance of the Countess struck Harolde as far superior to the artless and diffident manners of his Highland Mary, or the formal, school-bred civility of Miss Wellbank; she was a being of superior mould: Mary was the mild star of evening, that enchants by its retiring and modest rays; Miss Wellbank was a steady planet, more solid than showy; and the Countess a comet, in the blaze of which every little star hid its diminished head, and ceased to shine.

The mind of Harolde was, at this hey-

day

day time, not formed with regard to female excellence; it underwent many changes in the course of a more extensive intimacy with the world: dazzled by exteriors, he did not look much further; he was content with the beautiful carving of the medal, without inquiring its intrinsic value; it might be varnished over, and base metal within—the polished surface pleased him, and he had no intention of wearing it, till time had laid bare its imperfections.

He attached himself so closely to the side of the Countess, that he was pointed out by all as a happy man; and if smiles and nods, winks and whispers, in public, from a pretty woman, are criterions to judge of a man's private felicities, Harolde was a happy man. Gaming was practised at the Countess's every other night during the

the week, and Harolde often staked large sums; he lost with ease, and the Countess was most frequently a winner from him. He had become almost infatuated with her company; and their amour was spoken of publicly. Neither a man or a woman is aught in Paris, till they have an intrigue on foot, to make them notorious; when that is done, they are fit for any society, and may do what they please, free from censure. Harolde had forced many elegant presents upon the Countess, and amongst them his miniature, set in diamonds, surrounded by the arms of his family; this she vowed to keep sacred and secret; and he had an opportunity of knowing that she slept with it under her pillow. One evening he rambled, in company with Freeman, into the Opera Comique, and seated himself in a box beside

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an agreeable woman, with whom he entered into conversation. In Paris, the formality of an introduction is not required, when people meet at places of public amusement. He observed a portrait round her neck, and, to his utter dismay, encircled by the very diamonds and arms of his family, that he had presented to his adorable Countess. He begged permission to look at it; and having satisfied his doubts, asked if the arms and crest were of her family?

The lady candidly admitted she was not entitled to such honours; her husband was a jeweller, and bought the case from young Count Danvers — "A favourite," she added, "of the Countess Bonvilliers, but so very poor, that he parts with every present she makes him."

Bidding the lady adieu, he hastened to his

his hotel, and told Freeman what he had discovered, who drily observed—" You have only now found out what all Paris has long seen, that she is a jilt, and you her dupe."

Harolde now considered by what means he could repossess the miniature case, when he proposed shewing it the Countess, reproaching her with base inconstancy, and casting her like a worthless weed away.

Freeman doubted not but he should be able to purchase this toy in the jeweller's shop, where it would be deposited after his wife had done with it, such articles being worn to attract customers.

He was right, and next day put it into Harolde's hands, delighted with the idea of dissolving a connexion, which was not only expensive but dangerous; for the General,

General, who was expected soon, was hot and passionate; he would wink at his wife's *faux pas*, when secretly carried on; but the moment his name was made a theme for public conversation, he would not hesitate to venture his life in defence of his injured honour.

"Virtue consists in ably vice concealing,
The sin and shame are all in the revealing."

CHAP. III.

Rest, perturbed spirit, rest—
Smooth the brow, and calm the breast. J. W. CROKER.

. . . . . .

We passed the Alps, we gained the clime,
Where true love still is found—in rhyme. BYRON.

Love and jealousy.—A French coquette's bed-room.—A sudden illness.—Happy explanation.—*Harolde* more in love than ever. —A charade.—Stanzas on the Countess.—Loses ten thousand francs at the gaming-table—visit from a noble sharper—recovers his money.—Arrival of General Bonvilliers at Paris.—Meets Sir *George Howell* on the Boulevards.—News of Miss *Wellbank*. —Last interview with the Countess.—The two friends leave Paris.—Lines on Absence.—Crossing Mont St. Bernard.—Strange meeting with a Parisian Count—mutual explanations.—Arrival at Milan.—*Harolde* procures a commission for the Count. —Arrival at Rome.—The Marquis de *Santo Freere* and his *protégée* Signora *Agnes*—description of that lady's person and accomplishments.—A musical party.—First impressions.—Designs of the Marchioness on *Harolde*'s heart.—Mrs. *Billington* and *Buonaparte*.—Revengeful disposition of a lady—her illness. —*Harolde*'s secret meetings with *Agnes*—she elopes with him. —Arrival at Naples.—Hill of St. Elmo.—Classical views.—Happiness.—

Happiness.—Meeting with the Marquis de *Santo Freere*—his meanness.—A challenge—preparation.—Arrival of *Danvers* at the cottage.—A singular combat.—Terror of *Agnes*.—*Harolde* sails for the Isle of Caprea.

HAROLDE was so anxious to execute his high resolves, that he rose early, and sent a message, to say that he would do himself the honour of breakfasting with the Countess Bonvilliers. Freeman was desirous of accompanying him; but his extreme sense of delicacy, which he always observed to the most worthless of the fair sex, induced him to decline his company, and he sallied forth alone. The lady received him in her bed-chamber, which is alway customary in France; intimate friends go into the apartment of a married woman, the most scrupulous that can be, *sans ceremonie*, where the lady is seen reposing upon pillows, and her bed covered

with books, roses, and billet-doux; the latter she employs one of her favourites to read, and listens, as she sips her chocolate, like a sultana in her harem. Loveletters are bandied about in Paris to married women, from single and married men, as matters of course, and no husband will be offended that his wife's charms are thus honoured with admiration. Indeed the hyperbole and anti-terrestrial style in which these complimentary effusions are made up, is quite sufficient to shew that their meaning, if they have any, is like that "peace which passeth all understanding."

Harolde felt all his courage forsaking him as he ascended the staircase, and by the time his feet had reached the vestibule of the inconstant's chamber, they failed of their office, and he sunk exhausted into a chair.

The

The *fille de chambre*, who attended, instantly informed her mistress that milord was taken ill. She came out in her undress, literally in her *chemise*, and appeared so deeply affected at the state she found him in, he began to waver in his resolutions, and wish the jeweller's wife at the devil. He soon recovered, and entering the chamber, apologized for his illness, as arising from walking fast in the rays of a warm sun. Common chat ensued; Harolde had the object of his visit twenty times at his lips, but dared not utter it; she looked so fair, he was afraid of finding her false. He handed her chocolate, and assisted her to dress, put on her slippers, arranged the flowers in her hair and her bosom, and without having uttered a syllable of what was uppermost in his thoughts, he took her offered hand, and

led her down into the garden, to pay a morning visit to her flowers, of which she had an extensive collection, from the ranunculus of Rousseau to the violet of Napoleon. Seated in an alcove, he at length hesitatingly inquired if her Ladyship knew Count Danvers? and he watched her countenance, when she replied, as feebly as a criminal does of his judge when he begs for life and mercy—"Oh yes," said the Countess, "know him, ay, and love him dearly!" (Harolde turned pale)—"He is my nephew;" (Harolde's countenance brightened up)—"an extravagant young rogue; his father is tired of supporting him, and he depends almost wholly on me for support; I have not seen him these three days: we had a serious quarrel, in which you were a little concerned, and he is ashamed to face me since."

since." Harolde looked inquiry, and the Countess proceeded.—" You must know, that the case of the miniature you gave me was so encumbered with the arms and mounting, I could not wear it conveniently in my bosom; look here," said she, " where it hurt me, as I leaned over a Chinese railing." She then exposed a breast whiter than the snow of the Alps, and streaked with lines of heavenly blue. There was indeed a slight scratch upon the skin, which Harolde kissed with feverish lips, that shed a balm over it, but not of a healing nature to the disease which burnt within.—" Well," she resumed, " Danvers had the miniature case in charge from me, to get altered, and reduced in size; the fellow has, I suppose, lent it to some one for a few Louis d'ors, and cannot redeem it again. But how do you know my ne-

 phew?—

phew?—I never remember introducing you to him; he is too dissolute for the notice of my Harolde." Harolde then produced the case, and made her acquainted with what the reader already knows.—"I am glad that you love me so well as to be jealous—and I am a giddy thing; you will have more reasons yet to suspect me, if you continue to love, for I have no more prudence than a moth that, dazzled by the flame of a candle, flutters about it till it is consumed."

A kiss followed this speech, and Harolde was more enamoured than ever; they parted, with an engagement to meet at the opera in the evening.

Finding Freeman had gone out, Harolde sat down, and with the events of the morning in his head, he composed, and sent

sent to the Countess, a charade, being the first and the only one he ever wrote.

CHARADE.

Soft as silk on blooming bride,
Smooth as marble's polish'd side,
Streak'd with shades of purple flood,
Fill'd with nectar—heavenly flood,
Veil'd like the moon in soft attire,
Through which perceiv'd, we much admire,
Ever panting to be press'd,
Shrinking always when caress'd.
Tell me, Countess, what are these—
Scarcely seen, yet form'd to please?

Harolde's poetic vein was that of a gentleman; he only wrote to amuse an idle hour, and so carelessly, that he was often ashamed of his productions, when shewn

to him long after he had forgotten them. The world chose to call him a poet, and being a man of rank and fortune, heaps of nonsense have been attributed to him, never "dreamt of in his philosophy." His reply to his friend Freeman, who often pressed him to disavow those publications, was—"They do me no harm, for I despise a poet's name, and any poor devil is heartily welcome to make use of mine, if he can get wherewithal to purchase a dinner by it."

At dinner-time Freeman made his appearance, rather surprised to find Harolde in tip-top spirits, pacing the room, and singing

"Why, who would *suspect*, where such rapture and beauty,
In all her light follies conspicuously shine,
And the sweet loves and graces all deem it a duty,
In her person the charms of high heaven to combine?

"Like

" Like a soft cloud in May is her hair when adorning
Her neck, which of beauty a galaxy shews;
Her eyes are as bright as the star of the morning,
Her cheeks blend the lily and Asia's red rose.

" Truth flows from her lips, all her heart's thoughts disclosing,
Her smile is a magic dispeller of care;
The young sporting Loves in her eyes are reposing,
Surrounded by pleasures, bright, sparkling, and fair."

" Bravo!" said Freeman, who had stood listening at the door to this amorous effusion, " And who is the new happy angel, that has thus inspired the muse of my friend, after being so recently jilted by one of the loveliest of the sex?" To this question Harolde made no reply.

After dinner, Harolde related the event of his conference with the Countess. Freeman could not deny but her story was sufficiently plausible; but he had heard

so many stories to her disadvantage, that he could not help suspecting there was a mystery behind: he inquired if Harolde had seen the miniature, and he acknowledged he had not.—" Perhaps," said Freeman, " Danvers had that also in charge, to get altered for another person's."

This roused suspicion again where it had been lulled to rest; and when the opera-hour arrived, Harolde flew to the Countess's hotel, to escort her, and was not a little delighted, to see his miniature taken from under the pillow, and placed in the lady's bosom.

The opera passed over as such exhibitions usually do, and Harolde having bade good night to the Countess, joined some of his Parisian acquaintances; when after drinking freely, they sallied forth to a gaming-

gaming-table, where, in due time, he found himself minus ten thousand francs.

The loss did not affect him much; and in the morning he was making some vain resolutions over his coffee, never to gamble again, when his servant announced that a strange gentleman requested to see milord.—"Shew him up," was the order; for Harolde, when disengaged, never denied himself to any one.

A tall handsome youth, whose face evidently shewed the lines of sickness, drawn by the pencil of dissipation, entered. After apologizing for the intrusion, the stranger asked, if my milord had not lost a large sum of money, at such a gaming-house, the preceding evening?

Harolde replied in the affirmative.

"I," said the youth, "was one of the party looking on, and knowing you as a

British nobleman, intimate in a family with which I am by blood connected, I watched the sharpers' manœuvres, and plainly saw them cheat you at every throw. When you were gone, I addressed myself to them. They knew me too well, for, I blush to say, that my necessities have made me associate with scoundrels I despise, and demanded their winnings, in order to restore them to you. The fear of my disclosing their names to the police, and a promise that I would answer for no steps being taken against them, caused them to comply—and here, milord, is your money."

The stranger then rose, and with rapidity, as though he had committed a robbery instead of a generous action, he flew down stairs; and Harolde, who rung the bell, and ordered the servant to watch whither he went, was too late—he had shut

shut the door after him, and turned none knew whither.

Astonished at this magnanimity, in a man who had acknowledged that his necessities made him associate with sharpers, Harolde resolved to spare no pains in finding out and saving him from ruin; he then sealed up the bag in which was the ten thousand francs, and placing it in security, vowed he would never touch it, until he had the pleasure of putting it into the hands of the young man, whose honesty merited it as a reward.

He related this anecdote to the Countess, who declared that in the circle of her acquaintance, which comprehended nearly all the *ton* in Paris, she did not believe there was one capable of such a noble action.—" That fellow, my nephew," she continued, " is a gambler, and resorts to that

that very house you mention; it is not unlikely he assisted in plundering you; only I know his high spirit would never have submitted to surrender the money to any person's remonstrance or threats."

Harolde, who had ceased to remember all the pain he had suffered about the miniature case, now pleaded for the Countess's nephew, and she consented to pardon him.

As Harolde did not come from the metropolis of one kingdom to settle in another equally scandalous and depraved, he listened to the suggestions of Freeman, who urged him to depart, and he felt the necessity of tearing himself from one whom he must part with at last.

Whilst he was endeavouring to prepare his mind for a separation, the General Bonvilliers arrived in Paris; and Harolde had

had the mortification to find, that when he called, he was received very coldly by him, and not requested to repeat his visit. No stimulant could rouse Harolde from sloth so effectually as wounding his pride; to be treated with hauteur by a mushroom of nobility, was too much. Freeman saw the agitation of his mind, and taking advantage of it, got him to fix a day for his departure.

This was hastened by another circumstance: he one day met on the Boulevards Sir George Howell; they were within a yard of each other, or he would gladly have avoided him. The baronet shook hands very cordially, and they retired to discuss old affairs over a bottle. As Harolde had not avowed himself in London the lover of his niece, nor (as she admitted) had ever made her a declaration

of

of his sentiments, the baronet was not justified in reproaching him for his hasty retreat, nor could he attribute it to a wish to get rid of Miss Wellbank's acquaintance; he therefore only rallied him upon his rapid flight, and said that his niece had ever since been residing at Windsor, and her health was but very indifferent: his object in coming to France, was to take a house for her near Versailles, in hope of a change of climate benefiting her health; and as soon as it was prepared, he should return to conduct her thither.

Harolde's heart felt hurt at this intelligence, and the sensibility of his mind conjured up a hundred thoughts to make him miserable. It was for him, he thought, Miss Wellbank's health was declining; and, despite of family pride, he would not trust himself to meet her in Paris, lest he should

should forget himself, and marry the *merchant's niece.*

With considerable difficulty he obtained an interview with the Countess, in the forest of Versailles, near which place the General had a chateau, to which he had removed his lady from the scandal of Paris, that had poured into his ears a thousand tales of her intrigues with Lord Harolde.

Freeman's suspicions were unfounded —she really loved him, and the sacrifices she had made, convinced him of it. She would have gone any where with him, had not her regard for two lovely children, rivetted her to the General's house and fortunes. Harolde arranged a way by which they could occasionally write to one another with safety; and with heavy hearts they parted, never to meet again.

This was perhaps all for the best, as the lady

lady was a married one, and the connexion not justifiable, either on the principles of morality or religion; but Harolde was not a very strict observer of rigid rules—a man of the world, a little tinctured with the lax principles of modern philosophy. This romance will develop the bad and good of his character, shewing the man, not as he ought to have been, but such as he really was.

Harolde and Freeman took the road to Italy, stopping wherever any thing was worthy to be seen. He was greatly dejected, and indulged in his sullen fits with all the luxurious joy of grief. When he was recovering his wonted placidity of temper, these stanzas were found on his table:—

ON ABSENCE.

Absence cures the mind of fancies,
Absence regulates desire;
In absence oft we muse with reason—
Reason, virtue's friends admire.

Admiration thrives on knowledge,
Firmly rooted, timely grown;
Time, matures a just affection—
Absence makes it truly known.

Three months had glided away, when our friends ascended the Great St. Bernard, towards the autumn of the year, proposing to pass the winter in the Tyrol. Accompanied only by one servant, they rode on horseback, forwarding their baggage as opportunity served.

The pass into Italy over the mountain St. Bernard is rugged and gloomy; curiosity induced our travellers to take it, to traverse

traverse spots once deemed inaccesible, where armies had passed, and *he* had descended like an avalanche upon Italy, whose name was the boast of France, and a terror to all Europe. In descending a deep defile, Harolde dismounted, and gave his horse to the servant, with directions to wait for him at the convent of St. Benedict. Freeman, with a book in his hand, had gone on a good way before.

Harolde, left alone, wandered at random amongst the gloomy pines—rushing torrents, catching, every few minutes, a prospect of the milder world below, which they were hastening to enjoy. The evening closed in quickly. When he regained the road, and was hurrying onwards, a horseman galloped up to him on a foaming steed. Harolde had no time either for flight or defence; and having read so much of the

robbers

robbers of the Alps, he prepared to give up the little he carried in his purse, without attempting a resistance, which might be fatal to his life.

The stranger, who was muffled in a large grey cloak, inquired how far he was from any place where refreshment and rest for the night was to be had; and Harolde, well pleased to find him no robber, told him the convent of St. Benedict was not far distant.

The stranger reined in his horse, and entered into conversation. Harolde thought he had heard the voice before, and, impressed with this idea, inquired if he had been at Paris?

The stranger said that he had come from thence, and was on his way to join the army of Italy. Observing Harolde walk as if lame, he kindly offered him his horse,

horse, which was declined; so he politely dismounted, and, with the bridle on his arm, they sauntered towards the convent. The moon was up when they arrived under its lofty battlements, for it had once been made a fortification of by the French army. It was full of travellers proceeding to France, and Freeman, with difficulty, had got one room, and a supper prepared for his friend, whom he wondered to see in another person's company.

Harolde invited the stranger to partake of their room and repast; and when he threw off his cloak, was astonished to see the very man who had, six months before, run away, after returning him his ten thousand francs at Paris. A mutual explanation ensued, and a cordial acquaintance commenced.

Next morning, as they journeyed on,

Harolde

Harolde managed to elicit from this restorer of his property his history and present intentions: he had been very dissolute of late years, and spent a small fortune; his father and family were weary of supplying his extravagances, and he was in doubt whether to commit suicide, when, by a fortunate chance, he won a hundred Louis d'ors at the gaming-table; with that he had purchased a horse, and was now going to join the army of Italy as a volunteer, trusting to his sword to hew his way to fortune—" And if I fall," said he, " no one will mourn for Danvers."

" Danvers!" exclaimed Harolde, with surprise; " are you the nephew of——"

" The Countess Bonvilliers, milord, whom I have never seen since she intrusted me with a miniature case, that I was unable to retain."

" And

" And why, my dear sir, did you not tell me this, and I would have reconciled you to your aunt, who promised me to forgive you—why not tell me this when you returned my money?" said Harolde.

" Had I wished for reward, I could have kept your cash," he replied, blushing; " but that was an act of returning honour; and I did not then know you were acquainted with my aunt, having only seen you at my cousin's, the Marquis de Granges."

Harolde lamented that a young man so nobly born should go into the army as a volunteer, where the hardships were many, and the rank only one step above a common soldier, and told him of sealing up the ten thousand francs—" Which," he added, " now I know your circumstances, and we are sworn friends, you must and shall

shall accept: were you only the Countess Bonvilliers's nephew, I would do as much more for you; but you are more—you are my friend."

Harolde insisted on his keeping them company to Milan, where they found the staff of the French army had fixed their head-quarters. The General received Harolde politely. We were not then at war—Mr. Addington's peace, of a twelvemonth's duration, having just taken place. The letters of introduction Harolde brought to this worthy General, were from the highest authorities, and so strong, that when he confided to him the story of Count Danvers, he at once gave him a commission, and employed him about his person. Having thus settled him, he made him accept the money, and left him, with a

promise of his interest whenever he could serve him further.

After visiting various parts of Italy, the friends repaired to Rome. At this time all the convent gates in Italy had been opened by the French, and the nuns set at liberty; many of them refused, from religious impressions, to quit their sanctuaries; and others, having no friends able or willing to receive them, remained from necessity. In the family of the Marquis de Santo Freere, there was a young lady, who had been only two years in the convent of Salerno, in Calabria; her father and brother were both killed in battle, and the family estates divided amongst the conquerors of Naples. She had issued from her dormitory, and placed herself under the Marquis's protection, who was distantly related to her mother; and, as a

companion

companion to his lady, she moved a humble dependent. The Marchioness kept her in the background, not allowing her to dress, except very plainly; and her beauty attracted such attention whenever she appeared in her company in public, that, jealous of her charms, she would never have crossed the threshold of the palace, but have found it a second convent, had not the Marquis insisted upon her introduction to his friends, and taken every opportunity of shewing her his countenance.

Agnes was only seventeen years of age, and might have sat for a Madona; her complexion was fair, and the rose scarcely tinged her languid cheek; her eyes were light and intelligent, her hair auburn, flowing in natural curls over her lovely bosom; she was a *petit* figure, and want

of dress prevented its being seen to advantage. The loss of her father and brother, and her present dependence on comparative strangers, gave her an air of settled melancholy, to which the harshness of the Marchioness contributed. She was of a gentle disposition—so timid, that an opposition to injuries never entered her thoughts; she was the lily, that bends to every gale, and bathes its sweet head unseen in the morning dew.

At a concert given by the Marchioness, to which Harolde was invited, he first noticed Agnes; she was playing on the harp, which she accompanied with a voice so inexpressibly sweet, that Harolde pressed through the crowd, and, unconscious of rudeness, placed himself full before her, and fixed his eyes on her face. When she had concluded her performance, and looked

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ed up, a crimson blush spread from her face, over her bosom, and thence to her fingers' ends, at seeing herself the particular mark of observation to a young and handsome stranger. Harolde immediately saw his error, and stepping up, thanked her for the gratification he had received, and during the whole evening paid her particular attention. The Marchioness observed this, and was vexed; she had cherished a design on Harolde's heart from the hour she first saw him, and now to be rivalled by this little dependent on her bounty, gave her feelings of a very rancorous nature.

This lady was in her thirtieth year, and justly accounted handsome; it was said that at Florence she superseded the famous English singer, Mrs. Billington, in the affections of Napoleon Buonaparte; and it

is certain she enjoyed his protection for some time before she married the Marquis de Santo Freere, the latter taking her from interested motives; by so doing he had his large estates restored, and was raised to the rank of a general in the Italian army.

The Marchioness was a true Italian; she possessed strong ungovernable passions—no sacrifice was too great for her to make to gratify them—and when disappointed, she had recourse to the stiletto, as a just instrument of revenge; and whoever she cast her eyes upon, had only two choices to make one from—to be her lover or her victim. Harolde had noticed her partiality for him, and, for want of better amusement, gave it some return.

Harolde's form had now assumed all the vigour of manhood; his chest was expanded,

ed, his muscles broad—he trod the earth as if springing from it; his handsome features were always varying, and the very great negligence with which he wore the richest apparel, gave a grace to his person, that to a less accomplished person would have been a blemish, and created disgust.

Having once noticed Agnes, he went oftener to the Marquis's, and of necessity, paid more attention to his lady, who took care to let him see as little of Agnes as possible, and never left them alone. A favourable opportunity occurred at last; the tyrannical mistress took ill, and kept her chamber a whole month. Love can do the work of years in a less space of time; and Harolde so ingratiated himself into the confidence of the fair Agnes, that she told him all her sorrows, and he found her situation worse than he had supposed.

When once a woman makes a confidant of a man, it is all over with her; she has given him her heart, and what remains he may take when he pleases.

The Marquis paid more attention to his military duties than to his wife, and was seldom at home, leaving her to her medical advisers and a confessor, whom Harolde suspected promoted the sins he had afterwards to pardon. Agnes and Harolde often walked together on the borders of lake Averno, and sometimes ventured to sail thereon in a small boat.

It was understood that the Marchioness was recovering, and would be down stairs in a few days. Agnes had never been admitted to her sick chamber, for which she was thankful, and it was given out that Harolde had gone to Naples. All his interviews with Agnes were secretly conducted,

ducted, no one being privy to them but a faithful servant.

Agnes dreaded that she would lose Harolde for ever, and lamenting her hard fate, met him as usual near the lake. He persuaded her to enter the small boat. She was unusually thoughtful, and when they landed on the opposite side from the palace of Santo Freere, she scarce knew the change. Harolde supported her to Pemblona, the next village, and without uttering a word of objection, she entered a chariot, and drove away on the high road to Naples. This elopement had never been planned nor imagined by either party; the silence of Agnes gave consent, and she became mistress to the man she loved almost unconsciously.

As they proceeded, her spirits recovered, and when they reached Naples, she

shewed more gaiety of heart than Harolde had imagined her to possess. They took up their residence in a neat cottage, on the hill of St. Elmo, not choosing to enter the city, where Agnes would be known by her former acquaintances, who had abandoned her in the reverses of her fortune, but would be ready enough to censure a step their cruelty had occasioned, by leaving her friendless on the world, and without the name of a protector.

The hill of St. Elmo, on which the castle stands, commands one of the grandest prospects in all Italy; in itself it is lofty, the castle is a magnificent and strong fortress, a beautiful convent is sheltered under its guns, and the fig, the olive, the citron, and orange, grow all around in little thickets; over which you see the whole city of Naples—the palaces,

covered

covered with evergreens, the castles of Carmino, del Ova, and de Neuvo, the noble pier, and fleets of shipping in the Bay, where at this time a British squadron rode, expecting a declaration of war against the French to be issued every day. On the left, lay the islands of Ischia and Procida, smiling, like Edens in miniature; to the right, Vesuvius, in solemn grandeur, threw up her flames to the sky, and on whose sloping sides, gradually descending to the ocean, were sprinkled palaces, monasteries, villages, and gardens, seen in great variety. The towns of Portici and Castelamara led the eye to the promontory of Misenum, where the younger Pliny was at the great eruption, when his uncle perished; beyond that the gulf of Salerno expanded to receive the waves of a classic sea; the villa of Cicero, the

baths of Baia, the Sabine villa of Horace, in splendid ruins, were contrasted with the dazzling spires of Salerno, the palaces of the prince of that name, and watch-towers of war, on whose summits the tri-coloured flag sported on the breeze. The island of Caprea closed the view, the scene of Tiberius's infamous pleasures, and still the Cytherea of Italy, where luxury and voluptuousness revel uncontrolled.

Such scenes were congenial to the soul of Harolde; he passed a day gazing upon them; they were golden moments to a poetic heart, and had he been inclined to wander into the regions of poesy, he had one by his side who could have passed for a melancholy muse. But Harolde had happier thoughts; no sullen moment overclouded his temper; in possession of the lovely girl he held so dear, Hope pointed

pointed forward to many happy days in her society :—

Primeval Hope, thy passion-kindling power
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band
On tiptoe, watching, start at thy command;
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career.

CAMPBELL.

Agnes pointed out to her friend the seat of her family on the Mantuan road; she did not regret its loss, for by that she had found her lover; and Harolde, enthusiastic in every thing, declared he would make an effort with the British ambassador to get some part of it restored to the lawful heiress. He marked out several improvements he wished her to superintend in the grounds belonging to the cottage, which were, to the extent of two acres, almost in a state of nature; but above

above all, he directed her to have a temporary pavilion, open on all sides, erected in a citron grove, where he proposed living whenever the weather permitted, enjoying his books and music beneath cloudless skies. He always considered a close house as a prison, in which he declared his soul had not elbow-room. Agnes appeared happy, and having gathered a repast of delicious fruits, they returned to the cottage, Agnes saying that it was the happiest day she had enjoyed for the last four years.

The first thing Harolde did, was to write to Freeman, to come to him, bringing his baggage. In a few days he arrived: he well knew the character of Harolde, and that in him was verified the scriptural truth—"It is not meet for man to be alone." And though he was the only

only person who dared to tell him bluntly of his faults, he seldom did so, except it was called for by some observation of Harolde's that encouraged an explanation. He trusted to time—and so that he prevented him from forming any improper matrimonial connexion beneath his rank and fortune, he was content that his transient amours should come and pass even as his fancy dictated.—Harolde was one evening walking in the Royal Gardens at Portici, at an hour when the company had mostly gone back to Naples, Agnes was hanging on his arm, when they encountered the Marquis de Santo Freere: he bowed, and called Harolde on one side; and Agnes saw Harolde give him a card of address. The Marquis then walked away, not having noticed his former *protegée*.

Agnes had a regard for the Marquis: he had

had been kind in appearance to her when under his roof; and but for his lady's opposition, would probably have been more so. In public he always treated her as upon an equality with his family, and introduced her to all his friends. The recollection of these apparent kindnesses was rooted in the grateful heart of Agnes: had she been acquainted with the true motives that actuated him on such occasions, her contempt would have been more profound than her gratitude had been ardent. Vanity and ostentation guided him: to every one he told her story, and obtained what he wanted—praise for his generosity in supporting the fair fugitive; and as he had a constant anxiety to be thought a man of gallantry, the displeasure his lady evinced in public towards Agnes, he hinted, so that it spread to every

every ear but that of her thus cruelly slandered, was occasioned by her jealousy, as Agnes was his chosen *chere amie.* Amongst his bottle companions, he boasted unreservedly of having triumphed over her virtue, and that he kept her in his house to mortify his wife, and shew that he would be master—a thing he never had been; for he took the hand of the Marchioness from his French ruler, upon the same conditions the vizier of a sultan takes that of his cast-off concubine—"Woman, I give thee this man to be thy slave."

Harolde denied to Agnes that he had exchanged cards with the Marquis, which alarmed her still more, as she knew him to be a man who would fight, if only to gain a name. She communicated her fears to Freeman, who clearly saw that a meeting must ensue, but did not know how to act

act so as to prevent it, without offending his friend, or compromising his honour. He had settled upon no plan, when Harolde, taking him by the arm after breakfast, led him into the citron grove, and there told him he had received a challenge from the Marquis de Santo Freere, in the gardens at Portici, and was to meet him that day near the Grotto del Cane, requesting him to be his second. To this Freeman gave his assent, but suggested the propriety of calling in another friend conversant with the practices on such occasions at Naples, where quarrels were decided by the sword. Harolde knew not any person to whom he would choose to apply, and they made up their minds to dispense with one. Harolde told Freeman he had taken care of him in his will, and left him a small independence—"And

if

if I fall," said he, putting a valuable repeater in his hand, " wear this in remembrance of me; and present this (a diamond ring), on your return to old England, to Miss Wellbank, and tell her she was the only woman I ever loved so well as to think of making my wife. Agnes I have also provided for; and if I am unlucky enough to die, you must rescue my memory from obloquy."

Freeman, " albeit unused to the melting mood," shed silent tears, and wrung the hand of his friend in anguish; but suddenly recollecting himself, he said— " Well, since it must be so, we will go through it bravely; and I cannot think Harolde is destined to fall by so feeble a hand."

" At school," replied Harolde, " I was the best swordsman of forty youngsters, and

and I never forgot any thing I once learnt, however so trivial, either as a duty or an accomplishment."

On reentering the cottage, Agnes said that a young gentleman, in French military costume, was in the saloon, waiting to see Lord Harolde, with whom he was very intimate.

"May be so," muttered my Lord; "a Frenchman calls you his intimate friend if he has merely trod upon your toe, and begged pardon for the accident."

Harolde soon recognised in the officer, his friend Count Danvers, who embraced him with real joy: he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and joined his regiment at Naples three months previous to this interview.—"How did you find me out in this retreat, where I have only been a few days?" asked Harolde.

"My

"My company are quartered in the castle of St. Elmo; and taking a morning's stroll by the outward gate, I observed the favourite dog which was following you, and like to worry me when I encountered you on the Alps: to be satisfied, I looked at the inscription on his collar—

'Stranger, be satisfied, and let me go,
Nor curiously my badge of honour scan;
I'm Harolde's *friend*, sincere, in weal or wo,
Then haste and find another if thou can.'

I then walked in without ceremony, and a young lady invited me to remain till your return."

"And in happy time are you come," said Harolde, with rapidity, "for in two hours I shall want you to attend me to the field. But have some refreshment, and whilst I am dressing, Freeman will explain

explain my meaning." He then ran up stairs, to sooth Agnes, who, deceived by his hilarity, began to think there was nothing serious going to occur betwixt him and the Marquis, especially when he ordered dinner at a certain hour, for themselves and Lieutenant Danvers, who was going, he said, to conduct them over the castle.

This was one of those " white lies" Harolde thought pardonable, when applied to set the heart of a woman at rest.

The party rode to the grotto of Pausilippo, and sat down under the shade of the chesnut trees, that form a semicircle round the entrance of the cave. Presently they remarked a large cavalcade advancing, and at first supposed it to be the police coming to arrest them, and prepared to take to their heels. The conspicuous figure of the Marquis, mounted on his white charger, with

with a plume of feathers, like a peacock's tail, in his hat, assured them it was the foe. He was accompanied by four friends, the like number of servants, a surgeon, and a capuchin friar; the latter to administer extreme unction in case of mortal wounds. This procession was closed by a litter on springs, like a pianoforte-maker's car, on which were a bed and pillows, and a chest of surgical instruments; and last, not least in estimation, some bottles of exhilarating cordial. Having alighted, Harolde, stifling a laugh at this ridiculous scene, bowed to the Marquis, whose seconds arranged with Freeman and the Count the mode of combat with small-swords, a bundle of which were produced, and one taken at random by Freeman, was put into Harolde's hands, and the combatants stripped, Harolde to his shirt, the

the Marquis to a fine dress of embroidered silk, similar to harlequin's on a London stage. The Count insisted upon the jacket, or upper part of this dress, being removed, as silk was capable of resisting considerably a push from a sharp instrument; and the jacket was found, on the Marquis doffing it, with reluctance, to be three folds thick over the breast.

The seconds of the Marquis then made a last overture, "that Harolde should acknowledge he had violated the laws of hospitality, by seducing Agnes, and beg pardon."

To this Harolde, by his seconds, replied —"That he had violated no laws of hospitality, inasmuch as he was not even a visitor at the palace; that he had not seduced Agnes, who voluntarily quitted her tyrant's abode; and that, right or wrong, he

he would never beg pardon of any man."

The Marquis, taking a glass of cordial in his hand, drank to Harolde, who declined pledging him, not needing artificial courage; when the most ludicrous part of the ceremony began: the Marquis knelt down, and placing his two hands betwixt those of the capuchin, made an audible confession of his sins, and received absolution, with permission to rise and murder a fellow-creature (if he could) in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The rosy-gilled friar next offered his services to Harolde, who very impatiently told him to " be gone for an old fool," and taking his place, the attack commenced by signal.

The Marquis was skilful, and for ten minutes neither could touch his antagonist's skin. The Marquis made the first

 impression,

impression, by running Harolde through the fleshy part of his shoulder, which he quickly returned with interest, passing his sword through his body.

As he fell, he called out that he was a dead man; and the holy father advancing with his breviary and crucifix, Harolde remarked that the surgeon was more necessary, who coming from a distance, examined the wound, and declared it was not mortal, no vital part having been touched.

Harolde shook hands with him, and he was carried away in the litter; whilst his seconds remained on the ground, and, according to the custom of the country, drew up an account of the duel for the public journals, annexing a certificate, that every thing had been fair and honourably conducted, which was signed by all the seconds.

Thus

Thus ended Harolde's first essay in the field of mistaken honour, and they arrived at the cottage before the hour dinner had been ordered.

Agnes burst into tears of joy at their safe return; she had been in a state of dreadful suspense, for doubting the truth of what Harolde said before he left the cottage, she had put on her cloak, and inquired at the castle gate for Lieutenant Danvers, where she was told he had not been since morning, and had sent a message, to say he would not return until evening parade.

The remainder of the day passed in harmony; Danvers shewed Harolde two letters from the Countess Bonvilliers, speaking in the warmest terms of his generosity, and hinting, that should her nephew see milord, to tell him she was going to take

the baths at Cette, next summer, and re
side at Marseilles during the winter
This determined Harolde to travel in a
contrary direction: he remembered the
Countess with pleasure; but absence, change
of place, and change of face, had wrought
a change in his heart, and he wished now
to consider her only in the light of a dear
friend, and he could only do so by avoid-
ing personal contact with her in future.

Printed accounts of this duel were dis-
tributed next day through all the palaces
of nobility, and fashionable coffee-houses
in Naples, the Marquis's friends taking
care to extol his courage to the skies
Harolde's design of remaining concealed
was completely frustrated by this, and his
door inundated by the English, from
the ambassador down to the merchant
who

who came to congratulate him on his triumph.

To Harolde it was no source of congratulation; he abhorred the custom of attempting a man's life in cool blood, and thought it "more honoured in the breach than the observance," where it could be done without disgrace. To avoid inquiries on a subject he wished to forget, he threw himself, Agnes, and suite, into a felucca, and sailed that evening for the island of Caprea, leaving word at his cottage that he was not going to return before the following winter. A few days would suffice to cool curiosity, and then he could privately return to his cottage, for which Agnes had a singular attachment, probably as being the spot endeared to her by the first lessons of love, which she received from his lips, the only ones of the sex she

had ever pressed since she parted from her father and brother.

The distance to the island of Caprea is not more than half-a-dozen hours sail; but there was little wind, and the felucca was totally becalmed, in the centre of the British squadron.

CHAP. IV.

My love is like the sun, that through the skies doth run,
And always is constant and true;
Some take love from the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new. MARVELL.

British fleet at anchor.—*Harolde* entertained by Lord *Nelson*.—A salute.—*Nelson*'s frankness.—View between decks.—Grog.—Night.—Morning.—The British Ambassador and Lady *Hamilton*.—Very odd appearance of Sir *William Hamilton*—his folly and indecency.—Great abilities of his lady—account of her person—her levity and masculine air.—*Harolde*'s description of Lord *Nelson*.—A sporting monarch.—Notice of King *Ferdinand*.—*Nelson*'s opinion of him and the heir apparent.—A sailor's ball.—*Harolde* half-seas over.—News of war.—*Harolde* sails for Gibraltar—anchors and lands.—Sickness of *Agnes*.—Removal to Lisbon.—Abode at Cintra.—The village pastor.—A sick officer.—Surprise of *Harolde* in meeting *Henry Styles*.—*Harolde*'s visit to General *Moore*.—A wish to be a soldier.—Singular letter from the *Padre Josef*.—Harolde jilted by *Agnes*, who marries Styles—sends them to the devil.—Embarks at Oporto—lands at Ramsgate.—Parts with *Freeman*.—Meets Sir

George Howell and Miss *Wellbank* on his way.—Retrograde movement.—Arrives in London.—Marries Miss *Wellbank*.—Short joys.—Long brawls.—Lady *Harolde*'s ill temper.—*Freeman* a peacemaker.—Disappointments of the Baronet.—Made a butt of by *Harolde*.—Sows discord betwixt man and wife.—Symptoms of jealousy.—Tunbridge Wells.—A meddling dowager.—*Harolde* patronizes the players.—A high quarrel.—Suspicions of *Harolde*'s continence.—Takes an actress into his carriage.—A storm abroad and a storm at home.—*Harolde* returns to London alone.—Lady *Harolde* follows—discovers him with a lady in the library—quits his house with her daughter.—End of the romance of wedlock.—My native land, good night.—*Harolde* resolves never again to see England.—"*Amor patriæ*"—an adieu.—Voyage through the Bay of Biscay.—Leaves the packet near Cape Finisterre.—Arrives at the island of Elba.—Purchases a pleasure yacht.—Meets with a stranger—his mysterious appearance—offers him a passage to Malta—curious particulars of the stranger.

As the sun sunk beneath the ocean, leaving behind a halo of heavenly glory, the evening gun from the Admiral's ship, announced that the duties of the day were at an end. The flags were lowered, and the bands of music, playing old English tunes, sounded

sounded from the decks of Britannia's ocean bulwarks. A boat, with an officer on board, came along-side the felucca, with a message, that the Admiral observing ladies on board, invited them to pass an hour in his ship, until the land breeze enabled them to proceed further in their voyage.

" Pray who is your Admiral, sir?"

" Lord Nelson."

" I do not know him," replied Harolde. " Yes, I do; every Briton knows Nelson. —What say you, Agnes? will you be introduced to the hero of the Nile?"

They were all delighted with the idea of seeing a man, the glory of his country, and the terror of all her enemies.

Count Danvers, who was of the party, jocosely said—" Though he has beat us often ' single handed,' I am sure his single

hand will in peace be extended in friendship to a Frenchman."

They entered the boat, and were soon alongside of the flag-ship. The accommodation-ladder, or staircase, gave them an easy ascent to the quarter-deck, where Nelson received them, with the frank politeness of a true British tar. He welcomed them on board in French, to which Harolde replied in English, and told his name.

Nelson threw his arm round his neck with rapture, exclaiming to his officers—"Gentlemen, let me introduce you, one and, all to Lord Harolde, of whom you have all read, and who has just run a marquis through the body, for the sake of this young lady, I suppose, whom I must salute, since I find she is under the protection of English colours."

Agnes,

Agnes, covered with blushes, received a hearty smack from the Admiral; she understood no language but her own, but was satisfied that Harolde looked so well pleased.

Nelson then shook hands with Freeman and the Count, and chucking the attendant of Agnes under the chin, welcomed her also (this was the faithful girl who accompanied her mistress from the palace of Santo Freere). The party proceeded over the ship with Nelson, having declined refreshment; and Nelson pressed them so warmly, they consented to remain on board all night.

They were all struck with the greatest surprise, at the order, regularity, and neatness, which pervaded every part of this huge machine, destined to—

"Bear Britannia's thunders o'er the wave,
In search of victory, or a glorious grave."

The singular appearance of the sailors' births, betwixt the guns, where their motley-painted shelves were filled with china, and the tables spread for supper, with clean napkins, and wooden bowls smoking with roast beef, attracted their attention; and Harolde inquired what was the use of a large wooden can, with bright copper hoops, that stood at the end of every table.

"Those," said Nelson, "are grog cans, containing every man's evening allowance. You shall taste sailors' grog in true style. —Here, Jack, fill out some grog in your mess drinking horn."

A smart-looking sailor, who had been cook to that mess for the day, with awkward politeness, handed a shining horn of grog

grog to Agnes, and " hoped her ladyship's honour would just wet her lips with a toothful."

Harolde explained to her this request, with which she complied; and having drank himself, to the health of Nelson and all his gallant crew, with the Admiral's leave, he announced his intention of presenting the crew with a pipe of wine next day, to drink the King's health.

This intelligence was received with three cheers, fore and aft, loud enough to crack the drum-ears of Frenchmen, and which terrified poor Agnes nearly out of her senses.

Supper was spread in the Admiral's cabin most elegantly; no dining-room could be more convenient; the sideboard groaned under the plate, and every luxury Naples so amply affords, to court the eye and

and the palate, was served up in profusion. Several of the officers were invited, and the band played during the repast.

Nelson had ordered cabins to be prepared for his guests, who retired late to bed, and rose early to breakfast. Sea-baked muffins, rolls, and pastry, were novelties to our wanderers, and Agnes did the honours of the breakfast-table; the Admiral observing, that in a short time he would find her a companion, his friend, Lady Hamilton, being expected to dinner, to which they must stay.

Harolde was curious to see this lady, of whom he had heard so much, and accepted the invitation: indeed, as his object was to be out of the way to receive compliments from intruders at Naples, he could not be more secure from them any where than on board ship, and therefore made

made himself happy: he dispatched his felucca to the shore, which returned laden with fruit, vegetables, and a pipe of excellent *Lachrymæ Christi*, a wine made from the grapes that grow on Mount Vesuvius, and highly prized at Naples. To this he had added, for every mess, a good allowance of tea and sugar, articles prized by sailors equal to grog.

At twelve o'clock, the ambassador arrived, accompanied by his lady. She instantly recognised Agnes, with whose family she had been intimate, and tenderly embraced her, making no inquiries as to her present situation, such connexions being considered venial sins in Italy, and not excluding those who commit them from any society.

Harolde was overwhelmed by her Ladyship's attentions, so that Sir William Hamilton

milton was nearly overlooked in the profusion of compliments passing. Leaving the two together, Harolde walked on the poop with Lord Nelson, and his friends were entertained by the officers. Sir William ran about every where, chattering like a magpie to all he met.

As the poop of a man of war commands a view of the whole ship's deck, a description of some particular personages may be amusing, as described to Harolde by Nelson.—Sir William Hamilton was tall in person, with a fine Roman nose, and thin face wrinkled with age: he wore a bag wig, after the old school of George the Third's early days, well powdered; his stock was fastened by a diamond buckle, round a lank and skinny neck; a splendid brooch kept a frill of rich lace in order; his coat of blue silk, with diamond buttons,

tons, was, with the waistcoat, of court-dress cut, and gorgeously worked with gold and silver flowers; ruffles dangled over his fingers' ends; the small-clothes were the same colour of his coat; white silk stockings, pumps, and gold buckles, and a sword with a hilt of the same metal, completed the singular dress of this singular character. In his hand he held "a pouncet-box, which ever and anon he gave his nose," and handed to all near him. He walked very infirm, and was anxious to be thought much younger than he really was. In his conversation he was loose, silly, and obscene. To him Pope's couplet could be well applied:—

> Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of decency is want of sense.

The language of youthful depravity is doubly

doubly disgusting when flowing from the lips of age: his indelicacy was not checked by the presence of his wife or any other female. He appeared to consider it one of an ambassador's privileges to chatter obscenity, and expect it to be taken for wit. No one would have taken him for the man whose talents made him a member of the Royal Society, and whose elegant manners and sterling sense recommended him to an embassy he had discharged ably for many years. At this time, he was doating—in a state of second childhood. His lady, for years, had done all the official duties of his high station, opening and answering dispatches, communicating with foreign courts, and without ever consulting him. It was to this active employment she owed her intimacy with Nelson, who consulted her on all his

his proceedings, and often declared it was owing to her he gained the victory of the Nile.

Lady Hamilton had reached her fortieth lustrum, but was still an uncommon handsome woman—quite *en bon point*, inclining to corpulence; a clear skin and fine natural rosy complexion; eyes black and sparkling; hair light and exuberant; bust remarkably fine, and figure not inelegant, though much too stout for perfection of symmetry in its proportions: her looks inspired love; her smile stole away all hearts, and the sorcery of conversation she possessed in an eminent degree.

The levity of this lady's manner did not suit the temperament of Harolde; he looked to women for the more retiring virtues: at a future period, when asked by

by his friend Freeman what he thought of her understanding—" It is," said Harolde, " truly masculine :"—" And her person, my Lord ?"—" The same."

Harolde was also requested to describe Lord Nelson, as he had seen him, and he did so in nearly the following words :— " He was a very mean-looking little man, with a peculiar twist in his lips, and a very keen eye : his person was slender but active : he tripped about briskly, but with paddling short steps, as if in the *fidgets* about every thing. The first impression his looks made, were unfavourable : he seemed ready to snarl at you, or bite your nose off : his countenance looked like that of one who had been tipsy overnight and slept with his clothes on—and his face always appeared as though he never washed it. His language had none

of

of the sailor in it; he scarcely made use of a sea phrase: he never was heard to swear—loved a joke, and laughed at very bad ones most immoderately: he was very mild in his disposition; his voice soft and musical; his manners open and unembarrassed: his pride was not enough for his station, and his ear was open to receive the grossest flattery: he loved his bottle, his friend, and his lass; in his cups, he delighted 'to fight his battles o'er again,' and disgusted by the repetition; when steady, he never mentioned them: he spoke ungrammatically: he had little scholastic learning, but a very strong mind: what Doctor Johnson called 'a stubborn inkneed understanding:' he was obstinate in his opinions, and they were generally right: he was both a weak and a wise man."

Whilst

Whilst Harolde was engaged on the poop in conversation with the Admiral, a boat approached the fleet, from which a person was firing at seagulls, which he never missed.

" Behold," said Nelson, " Ferdinand the King; he is at his constant sport—every day you may see him thus occupied. That Neapolitan frigate, with a standard at the mast-head, he lives on board of; he is afraid to land, as the French troops have not all evacuated the city, and he cannot trust his own people. In my opinion, a few weeks will send him back to Sicily; for I am ordered here in expectation of a war, when the enemy will re-occupy all the kingdom. He is coming on board. We only receive him as a private gentleman: he hates ceremony, and every other thing but sporting."

The

The boat, a plain one, rowing six oars, glided along-side. The Admiral, Lady Hamilton, and the officers, received his Majesty, who graciously took off his hat, and made an awkward bow. Poking his nose into Harolde's face, he inquired who he was, and invited him to come on board his frigate, and bring any of his followers whom he wished to have knighted with him. He then walked into the cabin to take refreshment. Ferdinand was a tall, bony, awkward figure, dressed in a plain, coarse, brown coat, and leather gaiters on his legs. His features were inanimate, dull, and vacant: he would have passed in London for a booby of Yorkshire, just arrived from clod-hopping. His stay was very short; and he went as he came, without ceremony.

Nelson rejoiced at his departure; he was

was so troublesome, asking a hundred questions, the replies to which he could not comprehend, and wearying by repetitions.

" If this," said Harolde, " be a specimen of your Bourbon kings, thank God, who has given us the Guelphic race !"

" George the Third is a good man," said the Admiral.

" And," added Harolde, " his son and heir is a gentleman."

" It is more than I can say of the hereditary Prince of Naples, for he has neither mind nor manners."

With this remark the Admiral descended, followed by Harolde, and joined the ladies.

The crew were all in motion, the boatswain having piped for all hands to go to dinner : some were vociferating " Scaldings !" as they jumped down the ladders with

with bowls of hot soup; others with puddings in bags, or baking-dishes; whilst many, more cautious, stepped deliberately along with cans of grog, or rum and water, of which every one had a pint allowed for his dinner.

When the scene of masticating was over, all hands were busied in spreading an awning over the deck, beneath which the band struck up, and at once a dozen sets commenced country dances; the officers, Lady Hamilton, and others, joining in the merry go-round. Harolde's pipe of wine was tapped, and the day passed merrily, ending in long stories and sea songs.

The Admiral gave a splendid dinner, at which all the captains in his squadron were present; these he called his "Fire-eaters." So many bumper-toasts were drank, that when Harolde proposed taking leave in

the evening, his head turned round like a mill, and he was fain to remain one night longer on board. It was well that he did, for the following day a ship of war arrived, bearing the declaration of war betwixt France and England, who had quarrelled about retaining possession of Malta, where Nelson declared that he would as soon see the tri-coloured flag on the Tower of London, as on the fortifications of La Valette.

It was not safe now for Harolde to land; his duel had made him known as an Englishman, or he could have passed for an American, as he once intended.

The island of Caprea was taken possession of by Nelson's marines that very day; but he had no wish to reside in such a confined place, nor any wish to sail with Nelson to Toulon, where he hoped either to fight or blockade the enemy's fleet. It

was

was necessary also, on account of his private affairs, which had been unsettled for some time, that he should make his way to England, so he accepted of a passage in the vessel which returned with a reply to the dispatches.

Count Danvers, though a Frenchman, Nelson permitted to join his regiment at Naples; and he promised to write to Harolde by the time he supposed him to have reached England.

Agnes wept as the land of her nativity receded from her view, though behind her she had not left one she could call a friend. A strong gale carried them in a few days to Gibraltar, where sea-sickness had so much exhausted the delicate frame of Agnes, that Harolde landed, and took a house on Europa Point, to remain till she recovered.

The garrison was all life and animation hoping to march against the French, who it was understood, had invaded Spain with a powerful army. The enemy made such rapid progress in the conquest of Spain that in two months the Spanish army of Valentia were driven for security under shelter of the guns of Gibraltar.

Agnes recovered very slowly; and Harolde again tried the effect of a change of air, removing first to Cadiz, and thence to Lisbon. At Cintra he occupied a neat cottage in a delightful valley, watered by a gentle stream, over whose borders Hygeia herself seemed to preside. British troops were landing daily at Lisbon, and marching through Portugal to Spain, but were stopped in their progress by that country joining France in the combination against England.

On

One evening, when Harolde was employed in reading " Tasso's Jerusalem" to Agnes, the village pastor called, to request that his English friend would lend him some medicines from his chest, to which Harolde gave him welcome access when any of his flock were ill ; for he was doctor of both bodies and souls.

" They are," said Father Joseph, " for a young English officer, who has taken a lodging next door to me ; he was wounded in some engagement near Gibraltar, where he had been employed on a particular service with the Spanish troops : he joined his regiment at Lisbon ; but his health being injured, he has a month's leave of absence to recruit his strength.

Harolde, who adhered to his resolution made when he set out on his travels, to have as little intercourse with his own coun-

trymen as possible, felt anxious about this young man, of whom the *padre* spoke so favourably; and deputed Agnes to go and see that he wanted for nothing, and offer him any thing his house could afford. Agnes, on her return, reported that he wanted not any thing but ease to effect a complete cure—and that he wished much to see Harolde, whom he had known when a boy.

Four years in the advancing days of youth, make strange alterations. Harolde was some time before he could discover, in the manly form and sun-tanned features of the young soldier, his old school-fellow, Henry Styles, the brother of his beloved Mary. Upon this recognition he was agitated even to tears.

Henry had heard of his sister's death, but no particulars of her connexion with Harolde,

Harolde, beyond the reports in the village; for she had not left her father's house, when Harolde procured him a commission, and he sailed for the Continent. Harolde, for reasons which need not be explained, kept him in the dark, and threw no light upon so very painful a portion of his own early history. Henry was a lieutenant of cavalry, and bore ample testimonials of his brave conduct, from his superior officers. He remained in his lodging, but lived with Harolde every day. Two months elapsed, and Henry's health was still unsettled. Harolde applied for a renewal of his leave of absence, and recommended him in such high terms to the brave, though unfortunate Sir John Moore, that he promoted him to a captaincy in a regiment quartered at Lisbon. General Moore was a countryman of Harolde's,

and they were acquainted; but Harolde valued Moore from his being a distant relation of his mother.

Agnes was now perfectly restored, and Henry gone to join his regiment at Lisbon; so that with Freeman he set out on a visit to the General at head-quarters. Agnes, who possessed a weak mind, had grown religious of late, and had more than once hinted at some scruples she entertained for the salvation of her soul, if she continued to live in a state of concubinage with Harolde. Padre Josef had put these things in her head, and as they made her mope and be melancholy, Harolde's home became a little irksome: he resolved to try what effect absence would have upon her. She wept bitterly when he bade her adieu. Henry promised, from time to time, to visit the cottage, and see

that

that all went on favourably; the *padre*, an old man of seventy, also volunteered to act as her father, during Harolde's absence.

The British army were in motion near Madrid, and Harolde received the kindest greeting from its noble General. The scene was new to him, and possessing some sparks of military ardour, he attended the General in several engagements, and had his favourite horse shot under him. The admonitions of Freeman only prevented him from entering the army. Freeman thought it madness, in a nobleman with five thousand pounds a-year, to become a cornet of horse; and he knew Harolde's temper so well, that he foresaw what he now delighted in, as soon as it became a duty, would feel disagreeable; and his impetuous disposition, unable to submit to command, might force

him to quit the service in no very creditable way. To the counsels of Freeman we are indebted for The Amours of Childe Harolde, whose bones might long ago have been left on the Pyrenees, whitening in the summer's sun.

During a campaign of three months' duration, Harolde sent and received several affectionate letters from Agnes and Henry. All the next month Henry never wrote, and the letters of Agnes became so distant and formal, he apprehended a change, not favourable to him, in her sentiments, was taking place. He wrote back rather sharply; but another month elapsed, and he received no reply. He had just resolved to return to Lisbon, when the General put a packet into his hands; it was from Padre Josef, to this purport.

" *Cintra,*

" *Cintra, praised be God!*

" MY GREAT LORD,

" Madame Agnes having a soul to be saved, I deemed it my duty to put her in the right way. Soon after you left, she resolved to leave you, and return to God. I got the archbishop to absolve her from all her sins. Captain Henry was very kind to her, and she took my advice; (for I was afraid at your return, you would again tempt her to sin, and her last situation be worse than the first.) I married them in my chapel; she is gone to Lisbon with her husband. All your things are safe in the cottage; she has not even taken away her wearing apparel; she desires me to say, she will always pray for you as her

best friend. God make my Lord a good Christian.

" Your obedient servant,

" PADRE JOSEF."

Harolde, when he concluded this delectable epistle, turned up his eyes to heaven, and whistled a lillabullero as loud and as long as ever my Uncle Toby did, when taken at a nonplus. He then changed his note, singing—

" She's inconstant as the moon,
That wanders up and down,
And her love it is every month new."

Freeman, who just entered the tent, had the letter thrust into his hand; and Harolde, taking his hat, without saying a word,

word, left him to ponder over its contents. —"A good riddance," said Freeman, "and joy go with them both."

Harolde took a gallop round the lines of the army, drank a few bumpers of claret at the mess, and returned to his tent with a heart much about as indifferent as though he had never seen Agnes in his life. Calling for a bottle of wine, he related to his friend his early intrigue with Mary, the sister of Henry Styles—"And now," he continued, "as I did his family some injury, he has returned the obligation, and we are square—I owe him nothing. Write you to Friar Josef; bid him give the lease of the house, and all that it contains, to Agnes, and then—bid them both go to the devil, for what I care. I shall go towards England immediately,

diately, and not fall in love again for this twelvemonth to come."

Freeman performed his task nearly in the words given; and bidding adieu to the General and warfare, the two friends embarked at Oporto, and landed safe at Ramsgate, after an absence of two years and a half.

Freeman stopped in London with his friends, but Harolde passed through on his way to Scotland; he halted at York for a few days, and in the coffee-room met his old friend, Sir George Howell. He was alone, and heartily glad of the rencounter, for he wanted any one in the shape of a friend to commune with. Sir George took him to his lodgings to supper, and he was agreeably surprised to find there his *old young* favourite, Miss Wellbank, who screamed and fainted with terror and surprise.

prise. He caught her in his arms, and fanned her into existence. She looked very foolish, and he very kind, and both stammered out something which meant, if interpreted, they were glad to see each other.

During the evening, it turned out that Sir George and his niece had been visiting her estates in the north, and were proceeding by easy journeys to London. Harolde now found out that he had no occasion to go to Scotland, but had better send for his steward to meet him in London, and arrange the leasing of his estates; this Sir George also thought best, and offered him a seat in his carriage. The reunited trio made an excursion to the Lakes; and arriving in London, Harolde purchased a magnificent mansion near Hyde Park Corner, into which, in a few days,

days, he carried from the altar the fair Miss Wellbank as his bride.

Things done in haste are often repented at leisure; and in matrimonial cases, it is ten to one that happiness attends a rapid union of young people. Freeman was not consulted on this important business, or it is probable he would have told some truths as to the lady's temper, which would have made his friend pause before he took the lover's leap; but the thing was done, and Freeman congratulated the happy couple most cordially from his heart. The lady did not receive him as the best friend her husband had; she blamed him, very unjustly, for having carried Harolde away to the Continent, and thought, that had he been with him at York, she would not now have been Lady Harolde.

Harolde,

Harolde, for a time, was the happiest "dog in England," seldom going abroad except in his lady's company, and that not so often as she wished. The name and fame of her husband caused her to be desirous of shewing him to every one, and herself as the choice of one at whom so many caps had been set. Harolde was addicted to study, and those evenings she wished to dash abroad, in a manner to which her fortune entitled her, he chose to be locked up with his books; mutual bickerings ensued; and the breakfast-table was often a scene of warm remonstrance on the lady's part, and cool, sarcastic repulsion on his.

The friends of Harolde, who were not numerous, were ill received by her Ladyship, and she frequently refused to preside at table when they were invited, for no other

other reason than to mortify her husband, who " bore his faculties meekly" on such disagreeable occasions. Freeman, though no favourite of the lady, visited oftener than any other, and with the frankness of a long-tried friend, often interfered, and prevented matters from going to foolish extremities. His honest zeal gained upon the heart of the lady, and she condescended at last to acknowledge him as a friend, who meant well to them both. But Freeman's time was greatly taken up at his chambers in the Temple, studying the law, which he intended to make his profession; and he seldom went to his friends that he had not the painful task to reconcile some difference, or prevent it occurring.

Sir George Howell was disappointed in the views he had from this match: ambitious

tious of shining at court, he looked to Harolde as the ladder by which he was to ascend near the throne. But Harolde, although a favourite with his prince, he never appeared before him, except on very particular days, to shew his duty and loyalty. He refused to introduce Sir George at the levee, who was turned over to the lord in waiting, like a county sheriff, or a borough alderman; and this the baronet never forgave. He was an extensive speculator in money transactions; the funds and East India House furnished him with constant employment, and he panted still for more. He expected Harolde to have recommended him to all his noble friends, whose wants stood in need of a cashier; and he looked forward, through this new connexion, to a peerage himself, at no remote period.

Harolde

Harolde held the understanding of Sir George in contempt, and indulging in that sarcastic vein, which when he pleased he could pour forth so as to render any one he selected for a butt appear ridiculous, he often made the baronet a laughing-stock to his company, deluging him with a stream of playful satire, which he took for high compliments, till some one explained their real meaning, and excited his indignation. My Lady, partial to her uncle, saw through this, and often took his part, more imprudently than wisely, and with more daring than discretion.

Sir George had been in France, settling some mercantile affairs, at a time when the wily Napoleon was tampering with some silly English lords in his power, to carry messages of insidious import to the first personages in England. In the upper

per and lower houses there was considerable stir made respecting these verbal and written messages, and the bringers were blamed and praised alternately by their enemies or friends. Sir George, conceiving himself alluded to in one of these give-and-take debates, rose in his place in the lower house, and declared, " upon his honour, that Napoleon had never consulted him (when he was in France) about making overtures of peace to the British government."

This silly assertion, from a man whose ignorance was proverbial, and whose insignificance was a barrier to his ever coming within " ear-shot" of Napoleon, caused a loud and long laugh in the house, and made the baronet almost sink into his seat with shame and vexation.

On the day following this exhibition,

Harolde

Harolde took Sir George severely to task, repeating—"You are not content with the eclat of being a fool amongst your friends, but you must let all the world know it also."

In a few days a satirical poem appeared, cutting up the baronet most unmercifully. He placed it to the account of Harolde's malignity, and never entered his doors, or spoke to him again. From that day the baronet took every means his *meanness* could devise, to sow discord betwixt Harolde and his niece, and succeeded too well.

The splendid talents of Harolde threw him into the society of literary men, and in some public establishments he undertook to be the joint *arbiter elegantiarum* of fashionable amusements; consequently his acquaintances, male and female, increased;

creased; and my Lady, who early in the honeymoon had shewn strong symptoms of a jealous disposition, now openly accused him of attachments to other women, mentioning by name many he had never heard of nor seen. Too proud to condescend justifying his character from such vile slanders, he heard them with a smile that might be construed into hardened guilt, or obstinate innocence; and thus the lady was left to rave in the dilemma of doubt and despair.

Freeman counselled a change of scene, and in his company they set off to Tunbridge Wells, and opened house in a style becoming their rank in society. Lady Harolde for a time was restored to good humour; and the world, judging from external appearances, pronounced them a happy couple.

The

The leading character this season at Tunbridge was Lady Shallowwell, a dowager of fortune and deep intrigue, who meddled with every one's concerns, and made mischief wherever she meddled. This dame took Lady Harolde under her wing, and soon made her completely miserable.

Harolde patronised a company of comedians, then on a summer excursion, and was often an attendant behind the scenes, deigning to give those he valued most for their performances his instructions. He made no secret of what he did —meaning no harm, he dreaded no enemy.

One of the actresses, a lady of some beauty, and great talents, prevailed upon him to patronise her benefit. He admired her merits, and did it so effectually, that the

the house on her night was the fullest during the whole season.

Lady Shallowwell resolved not to be outdone in her patronage, and also put her name to a bill, announcing the benefit of a performer, whose claims to public support were very slender indeed. The curtain drew up to a very poor audience, and in the boxes were scarce any one but her own party, amongst whom was Lady Harolde. Whether or not Harolde had dissuaded his friends from going, to mortify the dowager, remains a secret: certain it is, that neither himself nor any of his circle appeared that night. The dowager threw the blame upon Harolde, and made his lady believe that the insult was levelled at her, to shew that he not only neglected her, but would cause the world to do so likewise. Weak and passionate, she as-

sailed her husband with the usual batteries of censure and tears, hysterics and fainting fits. But he, as usual, disdained to say a word to satisfy her.

The dowager had a phalanx of old tabbies on her side, and the town soon echoed with a tale of Harolde's infidelity. The lady whose benefit he had superintended, was pointed out as his *chere amie*, and a circumstance occurred which gave a colourable appearance to the far-spread lines of this dark picture.

Harolde was returning over the heath to Tunbridge, from a visit of two days to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, whither his lady had refused to accompany him. Near the further extremity of the heath, about twilight, he met this identical actress he had patronized, with her infant in her arms, standing under a

tree

tree for shelter from the rain, which fell in torrents, accompanied with flashes of lightning. It would have been cruelty to see a dog exposed to such " pelting of the pitiless storm," and not have sheltered him. He ordered the driver to stop, and gave the lady a place in his carriage. The storm cleared away as they entered the town, and the lady requested permission to alight, to which Harolde assented, and handed her out. Opposite where the carriage stopped, was the house of a friend to the old dowager, at which Lady Harolde had spent the day. The circumstance of a carriage stopping, as it were at the door, brought the party to the windows, and the lynx eyes of Lady Shallowwell discovered Harolde, and at a very unfortunate time: the servant of the actress had come to meet her mistress with

an umbrella, and found her getting out of the carriage: she took the child and walked on, whilst the lady remained to thank Harolde for his polite attention. At this instant Lady Harolde was called to the window, and saw with her own eyes what certainly looked like a corroboration of all the tales she had heard against her husband.

After the usual tempest of passion had subsided into a deceitful calm, she ordered her carriage, and drove home, accompanied by the dowager. She sent her compliments to her husband, and requested to speak to him in the drawing-room. He came down, and was taxed with his base conduct, the story being related with all due solemnity; to which Harolde only replied, "that had her Ladyship sent for him *alone*, as she ought to have done,

done, he would have satisfied her there was no truth in the suspicions she entertained; as she had brought a witness to her folly, he would leave them to cogitate together."

Lady Harolde fainted, to which he paid no attention; but taking his hat, walked out of the house to the inn, ordered a post-chaise, and drove up to London.

The agitation brought on a serious fit of illness, which confined Lady Harolde to her bed for a week: her husband was written to by the attending physicians, but he paid no attention to the letters, nor ever opened them, as they were found unopened on the chimney-piece by the lady, when she came to town.

From this time Lady Harolde resolved not to live with her husband after her *accouchement*, which would soon take place,

and for political reasons, she wished it to be under her lord's roof.

When she arrived in town he received her kindly, nor once opened his lips as to the past. She was safely delivered of a daughter; and no husband ever shewed greater solicitude for a wife, than he did before and after the event: he became quite domesticated—spent all his days at home, and appeared to doat on his child.

The resolution Lady Harolde had made at Tunbridge she persevered in keeping, but put it off from day to day; so that had Freeman, who left them at Tunbridge, been present, it is probable no separation would ever have taken place.

Although the real facts of Harolde's meeting with the actress, and her having a child with her, were told to Lady Harolde, she would not attach any credit to them,

them, preferring the evidence of her own eyes; and her Tunbridge friends—fiends they should be called—plied her with letters, giving a hundred particulars, all false and abominable.

Obstinacy was a fault in both parties, and pride, that scorned to yield, rankled in their hearts. Time had weakened the impressions made by the Tunbridge *seeming faux-pas*, and Lady Harolde wished for a more recent excuse to leave her husband, though her uncle urged her to quit his house immediately. Late one evening she was informed that a lady was locked in the library with her husband; and hurrying down, she found the first part of the tell-tale's story untrue; the door was not locked, but stood ajar: her ladyship walked in, eyed both parties, and retired in silence.

The lady, who had passed the time of life for inspiring sentiments of a tender nature, and had called upon business relative to a public establishment, over which Harolde had some control, appeared surprised. When she retired, Harolde supped, and went to bed.

On his breakfast-table he found a note from Lady Harolde, stating, "that she had left him, and for ever." He took his breakfast very coolly, and sending for the housekeeper, he ordered her to pack up all her Lady's things of every description, even her bed-room furniture, and send it to Sir George Howell's.

Harolde waited till his friend Freeman arrived from the country, through whom he made proposals to Lady Harolde to return; but her resolutions were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, not to be altered;

altered; and he reluctantly resigned her up, with his little daughter, never hoping to see either of them again.

The romance of wedlock being over, Harolde turned his attention to another clime: all his faults had, in his native land, been multiplied into crimes; the only woman he ever truly loved had left him, and the child of his idolatry was destined to be brought up a stranger to its father. Every object reminded him of departed joys, that never could return; and as a first step towards emigration, he sold his estate in Scotland, and his house in town. His steady friend Freeman agreed to accompany him, and help to mitigate his afflictions amongst—

"The isles of Greece—the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sang."

They embarked at Falmouth, and Harolde bade his "native land good night," never to behold the sun dawn upon it again.

Hitherto the life of Harolde had been a romantic vision of joy and care, neither of them very lasting; that is, they left no lasting impression of joy or care on his mind: the only real shock he ever endured was the last; it gave a bias to his thoughts, and set them wandering, never more to be settled. He was now ever in extremes, either "as gentle as the unweaned lamb," or—

> "Impetuous as the bolt of heaven,
> Wing'd with red blazes, and by lightnings driven."

His fits of sullenness descended upon him like a dark cloud over a mountain top, which the sun's hottest beams find difficult to dispel. He fell in love with almost

most every one that had beauty and good temper to boast of, as if eager to fill up the dreary void in his breast—the aching chasm, down which the torrent of sorrow flowed with "murmurs not loud, but deep," wanted a friendly hand to stop its course, and dry it up for ever.

The resolution of Harolde never again to revisit his native land, was made after painful reflection. No man ever possessed more of the *amor patriæ;* his soul was rivetted to the soil of his forefathers; his first wish was to have lived and died upon it; but the misfortunes he had suffered, drove him away as a fugitive from the country he was decreed to honour. He did not blame the land, the inhabitants, the constitution, or state oppression, for the step he had taken; no—the laws, he often said, were duly administered—impartial justice

he believed was nowhere else to be found; and religion, in its purity, flourished under the influence of a presiding and protecting Deity. A country better calculated for general security, and domestic happiness, he had never seen; and the constitution, he vehemently asserted, was the pride and glory of every true-hearted Englishman, and the envy of every other nation under the canopy of heaven. The cause of his absence arose within his own limited sphere of action, over which no human power had any control. Two adverse tempers clashing together, produced a concussion that separated them as far as the poles asunder. He loved woman, but his opinion was, that—

"By halves she'll neither love nor hate;
Her smile is life—her frown is fate;
The warmest friend, the bitterest foe,
That man on earth can ever know."

Perhaps,

Perhaps, in the warmth of his heart, he gave to their enmity and their tenderness more importance than they really deserved, and it might have been better for his future peace, had he remained and braved the storm.—

> "'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay
> Haste from England, haste away."

That he more than once wished he had not been so rash in his resolves, will be seen. He never wrote nor spoke of England but in terms of enthusiasm; and had he not been above displaying the weakness of his heart when the white cliffs sunk beneath the wave, he could not have better expressed his real feelings, than by quoting the lines of his favourite bard, who, like himself, had been a voluntary exile, and a citizen of the world—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee—
Still to my country turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

GOLDSMITH.

No sooner had the cliffs of Albion receded from view, than Harolde descended to his cabin, where he remained alone till midnight, when he went to bed, and Freeman sat down in the chair he had just quitted. On the table lay a sheet of paper, whereon he had, with an unsteady pen, scribbled the following

ADIEU.

A long adieu—and must we part?
And shall I see that face no more?
Will it not break my aching heart,
To lose the woman I adore?

What

What means this dreadful calm of wo
That broods upon my darken'd brain?
My trembling feet seem loth to go—
They never will return again.

No more we meet—no more we part;
The sails are fill'd, and lost the shore—
And throbs with pain this constant heart?
No, Love can never pain it more.

Freeman never went to bed; he was not seasick, but sick at heart; he feared that the intellects of his friend would not sustain the shocks they had received, and anxious to reach Lisbon, he whistled for a gale with all the superstition of a sailor.

The morning sun rose in splendour, like a globe of flaming fire issuing from a vault of heavenly blue; and the Bay of Biscay, so terrible in song, was glided over in peaceful tranquillity. Harolde came upon deck

deck with an air of cheerfulness, and saluted every one politely: there were few passengers, and those chiefly military officers, proceeding to join their regiments in Spain. Harolde rallied them on the forlorn hope before their eyes, and proposed joining their mess; thus the whole cabin became united, and at breakfast he was as lively as a lark.

Strangers to his name and rank, every one used a freedom in which he delighted. He managed to bring his own name and literary reputation upon the carpet; and so severely handled his own merits, that a Scotch officer was quite nettled, and vindicated the cause of his countryman, Lord Harolde, so ably, that Harolde declared—"If he did not know him as well as he did himself, he should be inclined to think

Lord

Lord Harolde more ‘ sinned against than sinning.”

Near Cape Finisterre a calm came on, and drove the packet near to a Portuguese man-of-war brig, which Harolde learning was bound to Malta, he requested a passage, the commander politely granted. Bidding a kind adieu to all his fellow-passengers, and making a present to the crew, he went on board the brig, and wished he might never again set foot on board a British ship of any description.

Gibraltar was soon passed by, and Minorca sent out a small vessel to speak them, which the Portuguese captured, and manned as a prize. A contrary wind compelled them to take a temporary shelter in Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba, where our travellers landed. Harolde, anxious to be his own master in every thing,

thing, purchased from the Portuguese captain his prize, and had her fitted out as a pleasure-yacht, in which he could go where he pleased, subject to no caprice but his own.

In the island they remained only a few weeks, and on the eve of departing, Harolde and Freeman were walking under the moss-covered cliffs, viewing the last rays of the setting sun, and endeavouring to adopt some settled plan for their future voyage, when Freeman observed a cavalier in a Spanish dress, moving slowly along the beach, and looking with wistful eyes on the ocean. His form was majestic, his gait solemn, and his appearance created an interest in the hearts of our wanderers, they knew not why or wherefore: by every minute pressing his hand on his forehead, it augured that some deep affliction distracted his brain.

Harolde

Harolde was desirous to speak to him; and yet to break rudely upon sorrow, shewed a want of feeling for a fellow-creature's sufferings, that deserved a repulse of contempt, or a spurn of indignation. Freeman was not so very scrupulous, and proposed addressing him at once. An opportunity however occurred, which relieved them from the risk of giving offence —a thunder-storm, which is no uncommon thing in that climate, but which passes with the rapidity of the lightning it brings, came rolling over the hills, and obliged the cavalier to seek shelter under the cliff where the two friends were conversing. He started when he saw them, but made a slight bow, as if apologizing for the involuntary intrusion.

Harolde returned it, and addressed him in Spanish, to which he replied in Italian, expressing

expressing his ignorance of the language of the country whose costume he wore.

Harolde, who spoke Italian fluently as a native of Italy, replied, and the usual remarks about the weather followed. The cavalier was not backward in revealing his sentiments on various subjects, and they soon discovered that he had travelled nearly all over Europe, and was familiar with Greece and Asia. He had been three weeks at Porto Ferrajo, waiting for a passage any where, by which he could get towards the Morea, where the most important business demanded his presence —" And indeed," he added, with a deep sigh, " the fortunes of an only child, dearer to me than life, entirely depend upon my being there in less than a month."

The commerce of the island of Elba is very limited, arising solely from the quick-

silver

silver mines, the produce of which is carried away by periodical fleets; so that a stranger may remain there months before a vessel sails for the continent. The island belongs to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who derives great part of his revenue from its mines; and though the passage to Leghorn is short, jealousy of strangers occasions such delays, that you had better remain, be it ever so long, on the island, till chance affords you the means of going to some other place.

The cavalier, when Leghorn was mentioned, gave a sudden start, and his features were distorted by a convulsive motion, that in an instant subsided into a look of gloomy despondency—"He had been once too often at Leghorn, and would rather perish than go there again."

"But

"But your child's interests, sir?" said Freeman.

"Of that probably I can take a little care; and if the cavalier will accept a passage in my yacht to Malta, he is perfectly welcome."

The cavalier's eyes brightened as Harolde made this offer, for which he gratefully thanked him, bowing thrice, and placing his hand on his right breast, after the eastern mode of expressing gratitude.

Freeman remarked this peculiarity, though it escaped Harolde's notice; he was thinking of what sex this child might be, in whom the cavalier took so deep an interest, when that mysterious person satisfied his curiosity, by saying he would hasten to acquaint his daughter with his good fortune, and prepare her for the embarkation,

embarkation, which, he was told, must be on the ensuing day.

When he was gone, Freeman, who looked closer into men's appearances than his friend, gave an opinion of their new acquaintance, not accordant with Harolde's ideas, who was apt to think well of every one, particularly strangers that stood in need of his assistance. Freeman had read much, and the manners of the cavalier he thought so purely Asiatic, that he set him down in his mind's vocabulary as a Mahometan in disguise: the circumstance of his having travelled, accounted for his dress—men generally assume the garb of the land in which they sojourn, to avoid being stared at. The convulsive start that he gave when Leghorn was mentioned to him, and his eager anxiety to go a contrary way from it, looked suspicious, as if some

some hidden deed were nurtured in his bosom he had a necessity for concealing.

Harolde thought it just as probable, that in place of his having committed an act that made him reflect upon Leghorn with horror, acts might have been committed there against his peace, or that of his daughter, sufficient to make him abhor the very name.

As every one landing on the island of Elba is obliged to enter his name at the municipal office, and give an account from whence he came and whither bound, our friends walked thither, to inquire about the cavalier. The officer having demanded his dollar (as in London, a fee is looked for every where), turned over the leaves of his book, and pointed to the entry they wished to see: it was "Mildred Scevolo, merchant, of Armenia, from Marseilles, bound

bound to any port in the Morea—his daughter, and two servants."

The manners of the Armenians and Turks are so much alike, that Freeman's opinion of his being a Mahometan in disguise was done away with; and on the following day, the cavalier called to know at what hour Harolde would be prepared for sailing. He said he had come by a vessel, which touched there on her passage to Leghorn, whither he did not choose to go. It was out of the direct line to the Morea; and at Malta, no doubt, he should find plenty of vessels sailing for the Ionian Islands, from whence to the Morea was a few hours' sail; his baggage, he said, was small—only a trunk and a few chests of dollars, which, under the British flag, would be safe. An hour was appointed for sailing, and he departed.

CHAP. V.

O'er the boundless ocean roaming,
What has hope to do with me;
Life's day hastening to the gloaming,
Yet no dawn of peace I see. M. B

Embarkation of the Cavalier and his daughter—the former's uneasiness.—Straits of Plenosa.—Anecdote of *Nelson*.—Garb of the stranger—looks of his daughter—declares his name to be *Bernardo*, and his country Greece.—A lively French girl.—Horrid-looking black "*Lamska*," in the confidence of the cavalier.—A rigid father—confusion of the daughter.—*Haroldé*'s opinion in favour of a monarchical government, and respect for the laws.—Midnight interview with *Scarpio*, captain of the yacht—he announces that a murderer is on board—his reasons for suspecting "*Lamska*" the black—his tale of horror.—*Bernardo* detected listening to no good of himself.—Resolution to bring the murderers to justice at Malta.—*Bernardo* taken ill—calls his daughter by her name "*Berenice*"—her distraction—her horror at sight of "*Lamska*."—Lovers' looks.—Short questions and answers.—*Bernardo* recovers.—A tempest.—*Bernardo*'s fears.—They take shelter in the port of Lampedosa,

Lampedosa, a rock in the ocean.—The bailiff of the isle comes on board.—*Bernardo* lands with his daughter and his treasure.—The yacht under sail.—Mysterious disappearance of *Bernardo*, *Lamska*, the bailiff, and females.

THE cavalier's luggage being securely lodged in the yacht's hold, he advanced from the pier on to the deck, leading by the hand a lady, dressed in deep mourning, whom he introduced as his daughter, and requested, as she was in very indifferent health, that she might retire below. Harolde conducted them to a cabin separate from all the others, of which he gave the lady the key; observing it was solely for her use, and every thing on board at her disposal. She bowed, but spoke not; and leaving her with her attendant, they returned to the deck.

The cavalier wrapped his cloak around him, and sitting down on a chair, eyed the

proceedings of unlashing from the pier, and launching to sea, with looks that denoted impatience. His dark eyes were often cast towards the shores of Tuscany, as though he dreaded the approach of some vessel from that quarter; and when the breeze carried them through the Straits of Plenosa, shutting out the view of Tuscany, he rose as if relieved from a heavy load, and paced the deck with a more cheerful countenance.

The Straits of Plenosa, a small island of that name, are famous for the great Nelson, when he passed them on his way to the Nile, having laid his ships to, and called together his captains, to give them directions how to act upon engaging the enemy. With this circumstance the cavalier was acquainted; and no subject could be started, on which he could not descant

descant with fluency and elegance of language superior to his outward appearance. His garb was much the worse for wear; the feathers in his hat drooped as from being repeatedly drenched with rain; his sword was one of the common sort, with black ivory hilt; and the latchets of his shoes, of steel: on his fingers he wore several valuable rings, and his cloak at the neck and on the left shoulder, was fastened with diamond brooches; these were the only marks of superior fortune indicated by his dress: he was above the middle age, with a very sallow complexion—his form was muscular, and Herculean built.

The lady was very tall, and elegant in figure; she wore a flat headdress like the Andalusians, and a lace veil, which covered half her face; her complexion very fair, without any colour in her cheeks, her eyes

dark and sparkling, and her hair glossy as that of the raven; on her bosom she wore a diamond cross, and bracelets on each arm of gold; round her middle a belt of morocco leather; and her boots, embroidered with silver, were of Turkey leather: a settled melancholy rested on her features, and from what our travellers had observed in so short a time, her illness did not appear bodily, but that sickness of heart, which arises from hope deferred,

> "To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
> For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting."

Freeman reminded the cavalier, as they were enjoying their segars, that he had not favoured them with his name. After a little hesitation, he said—"Bernardo Jacquelin;" that he was a Greek native of the city of Misitra, the ancient Sparta; he had been

been travelling to benefit the health of a beloved wife, who had died at Marseilles, and he was afraid his daughter would follow her, so much was she affected by the loss.

This account, so materially different from what they had seen on the book at Porto Ferrajo, again threw a cloud of suspicion over the minds of the two friends. Harolde himself was travelling under an assumed title, and so might the cavalier; but what motive could he have for changing his name so recently? If the one at Elba was an adopted fiction, why not continue it? and if the one he had given was his real name, why not have said that he had travelled under another? and it was not probable, if he had adopted a strange title, he would assume his real one at the distance of many hundred leagues from

his home, when the inconveniences to which he was liable still continued.

That day the lady came not out of her cabin, assigning illness as the cause. The girl, who appeared attached to her mistress, behaved at times with a pertness to Bernardo (for so we shall call him in future) that surprised, and which he put up with, though frequently biting his lip, as much as to say, that the company only prevented him from shewing his displeasure. The girl was evidently of French extraction, forward and lively, except when she directed herself to Bernardo; she then was pert and peevish, or sullen and rude occasionally; it was plain to be seen that she bore no respect to his person, and had a secret grudge for a something—guessing at the cause were useless.

The valet who accompanied Bernardo was

was a black, and one of the ugliest Harolde had ever seen. His long lanky hair augured that he was not from Africa; his eyes, like a ferret's, were sunk under the bones of his high forehead, and he could draw the skin over so as to hide them entirely, which he often did when speaking to his master; his cheeks were bloated, and his lips protruded out like too dirty red pincushions, shewing, when he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," a set of broken fangs, like an English bull-dog; his chest was broad, the right shoulder higher than the left; bandy legs, and large splay feet, supported this monstrous body, over which he wore a dress of black cloth, and a dagger in a buff-leather belt, that served him for a knife, though to judge from appearances, it had been used for more dreadful purposes; he bore the looks of an as-

sassin, and could not be looked upon without conveying a sensation of horror to the heart.

Bernardo frequently walked on an opposite side of the deck, and earnestly conversed with this fellow, in a subdued tone of voice. The freedom with which servants are treated by their superiors in the eastern countries of Europe, made the two friends look upon this as a thing of course; but speaking in a low voice, often in whispers, and in a harsh dialect, not understandable to any on board, added to the mystery which seemed to envelope this stranger of two names.

On the second day, the lady made her appearance at the breakfast-table, and with the most engaging manners, paid her respects to the company. She had abandoned her headdress, and part of her hair

was

was bound in fillets round her head, part curled over her temples, and fell upon her shoulders, the left one being bare half way to the elbow; and there the black silk drapery, fastened by a pearl clasp, contrasted with her alabaster skin, was peculiarly striking. The diamond cross she kissed before and after meals—a ceremony used in place of crossing the face by Greek Christians. No doubt could be entertained of her native country; her air, her manners, her looks, and form, were all so truly Grecian, she might have sat to a Phidias, or an Apelles, for a likeness of Venus. She spoke in the Italian language, with apparent difficulty, but always to her father in Greek. It was observed, that when this lady was in the great cabin, the black servant remained on deck; and when she came upon deck, he either went be-

low, or to a place forward in the vessel, where he was excluded from her sight. The day was peculiarly fine, and an awning was spread over the deck, where the party passed their time in listening to music (for Harolde had engaged a band at Elba), or in conversation upon various subjects.

Bernardo never quitted the lady's side, so that it was quite impossible to ask any questions that might lead to a knowledge of her history. So much beauty and elegance, only attended by one servant, and strictly guarded by a father, was surprising; and his anxiety to prevent her answering any questions, told much against him in Harolde's opinion. When Harolde questioned her about Misitra, the place of her birth, according to Bernardo, she seemed confused and at a loss, looking

fearfully

fearfully at him, as if to assist her in a dilemma: he commonly replied for her, that she had left it very young—had been at school in one of the islands—and other trifling excuses, not to be credited by men of common observation.

Harolde expatiated on his views in travelling; that he proposed visiting every part of Greece—both the islands and the continent, and hoped to see them hereafter at Misitra. The lady shook her head; and Bernardo observing it, put on a frown, that caused her to hang down her head in confusion. Harolde thought he saw a tear fall on her bosom, and would have given worlds to kiss it away.

Bernardo recovered his wonted serenity, and expressed the pleasure he should feel if the travellers came to Misitra, where his house would be ready to receive them.

"It

" It may be," said Harolde, " a year before I can have that happiness, as I intend to pass next summer in Cyprus."

" Cyprus!" repeated the lady, her eyes flashing with fire; " are you then going to Cyprus?—are you going there now?"

Before Harolde could return a reply, Bernardo started up, and seizing her arm, said—" I am very unwell; come with me down to the cabin."

She turned pale, and trembled as she descended, giving Harolde a look that seemed to implore his compassion, and spoke unutterable things. When below, high words were distinctly heard, and sobbing, as if in tears: silence then prevailed for some minutes, and Bernardo came upon deck, ordering the maid to attend upon her lady.

The little French girl tossed up her head

head as she received the command, and with a sneering lip, turned upon her heel and descended the staircase.

Bernardo apologized for his conduct, remarking that he was subject to fits of epilepsy, and supposed one of them was attacking him when he so suddenly carried his daughter below, who only knew how to treat him on these occasions.—"The fright it gives her is so great, that I question if it does not prevent her giving us any more of her company to-day."

He spoke the latter sentence in a decisive tone, which forbade Harolde from expecting to see her for that day, at least, again, though he determined to make an effort; and when dinner was ready, he desired the servant to solicit the honour of her company.

The message delivered by the French girl

girl was one peculiarly worded, and whilst she repeated it, she fixed her eyes on Bernardo—" My lady's compliments, and is sorry she *can't* attend at dinner to-day."

Harolde affected not to notice the emphasis laid upon the word *can't*, though he privately trod upon the toe of her who spoke it, to let her know it had not escaped him.

Bernardo, after dinner, assumed an air of gaiety, and made pretty free with his bottle; he launched forth into humorous accounts of the different countries he had visited in his travels, contrasting the manners and customs of each, so as to set them in the most ridiculous light, and shew that society and manners were not materially different in London and Constantinople.

With London he was quite conversant,

and

and knew so many people of consequence, that Freeman guessed he could speak English, if he chose to do so.—" He has a motive," said Freeman to himself, " for concealing his real name, and one also for affecting ignorance of the language of a country, in which he must have spent some years to know it as well as he does."

The seamen, who were all Elbanians, requested permission, through the master of the yacht, to have the indulgence of Harolde's band, and a dance on the fore-castle, as it was the birthday of their sovereign, the Grand Duke.

" I commend them for their loyal spirit," replied Harolde; and calling to his steward, ordered a dozen flasks of wine, and fruit in abundance, to be distributed amongst them, desiring them to be merry and wise.

All

All this time they were sailing with a steady breeze, on a smooth ocean, but far out of sight of land. Bernardo observed, that he was rather surprised to hear an Englishman commend people for loyalty to a tyrant; for the Grand Duke was no more than the instrument of Napoleon Buonaparte, to oppress and fleece the Tuscans; and that his will was the law, and that will was founded on injustice. In Elba all the courts are corrupt; they take bribes, and cheat with impunity, relying on the protection of their tyrant.

Harolde said—"That an obedience to the powers that be, was preferable to a state of revolutionary anarchy; inasmuch as the tyranny of one was easier endured than that of a number: for instance, Sparta groaned under the tyranny of her two kings, but she wept tears of blood under the

the ephori, more properly called the thirty tyrants. It was wrong to blame the Grand Duke for corruptions practised in distant parts of his dominions, such as Elba—to confound in the general *home* administration the particulars appropriated to each *local* district, would be at once the height of confusion and absurdity. In every country, the people live in a labyrinth of deception; and it is not impossible that at the moment these poor fellows are celebrating an event they think they have cause to rejoice at, some terrible events may be bringing out a catastrophe in their country, where, to do as they are doing, would subject them to a gibbet or a bayonet. In small states it is always best for people to submit, whilst the evil can be borne: they who counsel disaffection to the ruler they cannot overthrow, do not

shew

shew so much love for the poor, as they do hatred to the rich."

Bernardo did not attempt to continue the argument; his knowledge appeared universal, and sat easy upon him; his hilarity was forced, and meant to make an impression in his favour, that he was not what he seemed to be, but at heart a gay, thoughtless fellow, with a spark of the libertine in his breast: he admitted that he had dissipated great wealth, but had abundance remaining, and boasted of his extensive fields and vineyards at Misitra.

It was late before Bernardo retired to rest, having first visited his daughter; and Freeman, who had trod down the stairs very quietly, as he was wont, saw him lock the door of her cabin, and put the key in his bosom, which circumstance he communicated to Harolde. He could not

not suspect that any attempt would be made upon his daughter's honour, by those whose names were sufficient guarantees for their integrity of principle and goodness of heart: to one cause alone could they attribute this gaoler-like suspicion—the use which the lady had made of the word Cyprus. There was certainly a meaning in her hurried question, which she unguardedly asked, of—"Are you going there now?" which Bernardo did not wish to be further explained, and locked therefore the door, to prevent all communication betwixt her, or the French girl, and Harolde; for Bernardo also watched this servant with his eyes, as closely as he did her mistress. It was plain he stood in awe of her, and to her our travellers resolved to apply for information relative to the

the mysteries which appeared to thicken around them.

About the hour of setting the midnight watch, Scarpio, the master of the yacht, who had been well recommended to Harolde at Elba for his abilities as a seaman, and good qualities as a man, respectfully came upon the quarter-deck, and solicited a few minutes conversation with my Lords, his face so pale, and even appeared like his who

> " Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
> And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd."

Harolde made him sit down, and cheered him with a bumper of wine, and then proceed with his story.—" I am afraid, noble seigniors, that this voyage of ours will not come to any good, for we have a murderer on board."

The

The two friends started, and with one voice exclaimed—" Bernardo !"

" No, seigniors, it is not him I mean; though, God preserve us! I do not like his looks; it is his servant, the black man, Lamska: to-day he made very free with the wine you were so good as to give the crew, and became intoxicated: he boasted of his exploits in love and war; and I found he was well acquainted with Lucca, my native city. He said he had not been there these fourteen years, and mentioned a grand mask which took place at that period, on account of the successful revolution brought about by French assistance; and that year my master, Ludovico, Lord of Sapienza, a good man, and very rich, was murdered, with his servant, at the door of his palace; and a great reward was offered for a black man,

suspected

suspected of being the assassin. I remember the description, and a mark he had on his right hand, with the loss of one of his ears. When I questioned Lamska about his recollection of the murder, he affected ignorance, which was impossible, seeing he was there at the time, and all Lucca mourned for the loss of so great and good a man. My question sobered him, and he refused to talk with me any more on the subject; but I narrowly viewed him—he has the mark on his hand, and has lost his right ear.

"At the time the murder was committed, my Lord Ludovico's brother was at Lucca; he left it, accompanied by the widow, and a daughter, then about three years old: and they never returned, till about two years ago, when the brother, the widow, and a young lady, suddenly appeared

appeared at the palace, with an intention of selling the estates, to which the lady, it was said, would not give her consent, when they came to execute the deeds in court. However she died; and it was strongly suspected she was poisoned by her brother-in-law, with whom she lived as his wife: he was taken up, but let go; and the black man, who was supposed to have committed the murder of my master, had appeared in the city, but he was not looked after. My Lord's brother took possession of, and sold the estates, going away in a great hurry. The last particulars I had from my brother, who is a courier between Lucca and Leghorn; and I am confident Lamska is the man who murdered my master."

Just as Scarpio concluded his narration, a noise, as if of a foot slipping, was

heard on the cabin-stairs; and Freeman going down, observed the door of Bernardo's cabin closing gently; so that he had been listening to the Captain's story.

> "Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind;
> The thief thinks every bush an officer."

Harolde enjoined Scarpio to keep his counsel to himself, and treat Lamska as though he had forgotten his conversation of that evening.

The two friends almost believed, in their own minds, that Bernardo was the brother of Scarpio's master, and Lamska the murderer; but they were puzzled how to account for the young lady; it was evident she paid him the obedience due to a father, and he very tyrannically exerted the authority it gave him over her. All they could resolve on at the present time,

was

was to take no steps till they arrived at Malta, when they settled to arrest both Bernardo and Lamska, and submit the whole case to the proper authorities.

Freeman suggested whether or not the young lady was the daughter of Ludovico; but in that case it would not be possible for Bernardo to have taken possession of the estates, and sold the property to which she was heiress; and her whole person was so much of the Grecian, they had no right to doubt she was his daughter, and him a Greek, as he said he was. However, they recalled Scarpio, and questioned him strictly if he had observed any likeness betwixt Bernardo and his deceased master, Ludovico?

He said there was not the least resemblance, and that he had never seen his

late lord's brother; nor did the lady look at all like the family.

This again unsettled their opinions, and they retired to rest, harassed with doubt and indecision.

During the night, Bernardo groaned heavily, and muttered incoherent sentences in his sleep; the horrors of a guilty conscience prevented him from resting, and in the morning he was in a high state of delirium.

Lamska had been with him previous to his distraction, and by his direction opened the door of the young lady's cabin, leaving the key in it. Shortly after he returned; and tapping at the panel, the little French girl came out, when Lamska explained to her the dangerous situation of Bernardo, from having drank more wine

wine the preceding night than he had been accustomed to.

She retired, and Lamska went on deck. Presently the young lady ran out in her night-clothes, heedless of Harolde, who sat reading at the breakfast-table, and entered Bernardo's cabin: she was heard speaking to him in the most tender and pathetic tone, calling him father—her dear father, and entreating him to open his eyes, for none but his daughter "Berenice" was near him.

"He is indeed her father," said Harolde, "and our suspicions of him are unfounded."

"But Lamska," replied Freeman.

"Oh! a villain can easily get into an honest man's service, and gain his confidence. I am now suffering from confidence ill-placed in a worthless wretch,

who, like a serpent, wound herself into my family, and stung the bosoms that sheltered her."

Harolde relapsed into melancholy silence; he had touched a chord, whose vibrations now and then stopped, but were continually reviving anew, and which will continue to vibrate with pain, till every generous feeling of his heart are crushed beneath the pressure of eternal rest.

He was awakened from his reverie by Berenice, who, in dreadful agitation, entreated him to try and save her father. Her grief gave additional interest to her charms; she looked almost despairing; but still "loveliness shone around her as light."

Harolde, who guessed that the cause of Bernardo's illness, being internal, required rest more than medicine, tried to sooth her

her affliction; and Freeman, who had some little knowledge of *materia medica*, proceeded to examine the patient, from whom he took several ounces of blood, and ordered his extremities to be bathed in warm water.

Lamska, who had been on deck all this while, came down stairs; but seeing Berenice seated on the sofa beside Harolde, hurried up again with rapidity, not before she had caught a glimpse of his hideous person. A basilisk, nor the shield of Gorgon, could not have inspired her with greater dread: unconscious of any feeling but that of fear, she hid her eyes in Harolde's bosom, exclaiming—"For Jesu's sake, let me not see that monster!" nor did she raise her eyes again, till Harolde assured her he was gone; she then slowly cast them round the cabin, and when they

settled on the stairs where she had seen him, she gave a long sigh, and kissing her cross, her lips moved as if in prayer.

" Surely," thought Harolde, " she cannot know that this man murdered Ludovico? she a Grecian, and a stranger to Italy?" yet it was certain her father entertained a murderer in his service, and who was instructed to keep out of his daughter's sight.

Bernardo now was heard faintly calling on his daughter's name, who instantly repaired to his bedside. He had recovered his senses, and was heard anxiously inquiring whether he had said any thing in his derangement: when assured that nothing had passed his lips, he became more composed; and by the advice of Freeman, took a composing draught, which sent him into a sound sleep.

Harolde

Harolde now prevailed on Berenice to partake of breakfast, and expressed the kindest concern for her welfare. He could not help gazing upon her with all a lover's eyes; and when their eyes met each other, their faces were suffused with blushes. Harolde mustered up resolution to ask her, if she was acquainted with the island of Cyprus, where he intended to pass his next summer?

She replied in the affirmative, that she was a native of the place.

"And your father?"

"He also is a Cyprian."

"And your mother was——"

"I know not of what country; but she is now an angel;" with which she wiped away the tears that started from her fine dark eyes.

"And are you anxious to return to Cyprus?"

"Oh no; I shall be lost for ever if I do. My father——"

She was checked in her tale by Bernardo calling her to him, with whom she remained for several hours, in earnest conversation.

At dinner, Bernardo was able to sit at table—a task beyond what prudence dictated; but his anxiety to prevent all conversation betwixt Berenice and the travellers, made him exert himself more than his strength could bear.

The constraint which Berenice had for a while cast off at breakfast now appeared more strict. She said little, and scarce lifted up her eyes when the usual courtesy of returning thanks for her health being drank required it. Her father eyed her

her severely; and when Harolde mentioned casually, and without consideration, the name of *Berenice*, Bernardo's features expanded as if in a state of convulsion, or moved by an electric shock; and the lady also raised her head with astonishment. Harolde instantly perceived the cause of this admired disorder, and accounted for his knowledge of the lady's name by what she had said to her father, at the commencement of his illness, calling herself "his dear daughter Berenice." Bernardo bowed, as if satisfied; but from the looks he every now and then cast at his daughter, it was plain he entertained a suspicion that she had been communicating to Harolde more than he desired any one should know. This made the evening pass over very dull; and when the father retired to rest, the daughter, as no doubt she had

been instructed, also shut herself up in her chamber, leaving the two friends alone.

They retired into a cabin in the fore part of the yacht, appropriated to the Captain's use, and sent for him, to partake of some wine. There, beyond the reach of listening ears, they canvassed over all that Scarpio had said. He could only repeat it; and from that day, having studied the features of Bernardo, whom he plainly saw from the deck by the skylight, he was more and more convinced that he was not the brother of Ludovico. Harolde asked him if he knew what countrywoman the lady of his master was. He could not tell; but he knew she was not a native of Lucca, or any part of Italy, and that a stranger came annually to pay her large sums of money, arising from her estates in a foreign land.

" Did

"Did she," inquired Freeman, "ever visit her native country?"

"Oh yes; and it was on one of these occasional absences the daughter was born, who was carried away when Ludovico was murdered by the widow and my Lord's brother."

This conference was interrupted by a violent storm, which suddenly came on, and demanded all the Captain's attention. It continued all night, and Scarpio believed it was a judgment from Heaven for having a murderer on board.

After the conversation betwixt Scarpio and Lamska, the latter wore gloves, and a close cap, which came down over his ears, which served to establish the opinion of Scarpio, that he was the murderer for whom so great a reward had been offered fourteen years before.

Next day, Bernardo came on deck, quite recovered; and inquiring how far the distance was to Malta, said, if they could meet a ship going any where else, he would go on board of her, his daughter's health being injured by being kept so long at sea.

Scarpio silently prayed that Heaven would comply with his wishes; and Freeman saw that he only wished to get rid of company who were too keen-sighted for his purposes. But Bernardo had also observed, that Berenice cast upon Harolde eyes of affection, whose glances were returned with increased interest; and any attachment she could form, would blast all his ambitious hopes and those high designs, to accomplish which he had spent years of misery, and sacrificed all hopes of peace in this world, or mercy in that to come.

come. He knew Harolde to be a man of wealth and high rank, whose power was extensive; and being an Englishman, when they arrived at Malta, he could, if he pleased, possess himself of his daughter, whether he would or not. This was not the least of his fears. The conversation he had listened to betwixt Scarpio and Harolde made him believe he was discovered, though Scarpio had no recollection of him; he knew the mariner well, and was in continual dread lest something should make his person known to him. Should Lamska be arrested, of which he had no doubt, the consequences might be fatal to him. In short, to avoid total ruin, he must avoid going to Malta if possible.

The gale, which hourly increased, seemed favourable to Bernardo's wishes; they were driven away from the proper course

to

to Malta; and when Scarpio advised that they should shelter from the storm in a small harbour of the island of Lampedosa, Bernardo seemed overjoyed: this joy was attributed to the sensation they all felt, from a prospect of being saved from the perils of the sea. With considerable difficulty the yacht was brought safe into port, or a little creek, surrounded by stupendous rocky cliffs, from which thousands of sea-birds flew, screaming notes of wo.

Lampedosa is little better than a barren rock, inhabited by fishermen, and resorted to by pirates to divide their plunder; it was well known to Bernardo, in every creek and corner. On the summit of it were the ruins of an old Moorish castle, which was supposed to have served as a watch-tower, to give notice of an enemy's approach,

approach, during the Punic wars betwixt the Romans and Carthaginians; the steps to this were all destroyed, and it seemed beyond the powers of man to reach it. The grass that grew in the clefts of the rocks was coarse and stunted, the few bushes brown, from want of moisture, and the whole bore an aspect of cheerless desolation.

On the beach, and rocks near it, stood a few fishermen's huts, half of them only inhabited; and one house rose superior to the rest, being of two stories, and in possession of the Sicilian bailiff, who levied the duties from the fish caught. To this house there was a garden, and, in such a dreary desert, it had an air of comfort, which, in any other place, would have been deemed not one step above misery.

Whilst the vessel was securing, Bernardo

nardo and Lamska crept close to the forecastle, where they held a long conference together; and when the yacht's boat pulled to land, to make fast a mooring-rope, Lamska jumped into her, saying he would go and try to buy some milk from the fishermen for the lady, who had not risen from her bed since the storm began.

The boat, after waiting a considerable time, came on board, leaving Lamska on the island. In half an hour he returned, in a boat, with the bailiff, a man of vulgar and forbidding aspect, who demanded a small fee, as an acknowledgment of his master's title to the island. This was paid him, and he made an offer of the accommodations his house afforded to the party during their stay.

Harolde declined the offer, but Bernardo, after consulting his daughter, accepted

cepted of it. Seasickness had so severely affected her, she rejoiced to set her foot on any land whatever. The vessel lay "land-locked," to use a sailor's phrase when the ocean is shut out from view, and after dinner, the whole party landed.

Bad as the bailiff's house looked from the vessel, it was worse upon a nearer inspection, and Berenice seemed displeased at her father preferring it to a residence on board—it was evident she durst not speak her thoughts. The bailiff mentioned, that in a few weeks he expected a ship of war, to receive the annual tribute he collected from the fishermen; and Bernardo, affecting pleasure at the circumstance, consigned to the care of this man his treasure, contained in three chests, to be forwarded to Sicily, and from thence to Misitra. A regular receipt was given for these

these chests, which some of the party signed as witnesses.

This certainly appeared a readier way than carrying it to Malta, and moreover, made Harolde believe that the intentions of Bernardo were to go thither. It is true, Bernardo had stated, when he embarked at Elba, that he was a native of Misitra, and his daughter had said he was a Cypriot; both might be right, as both are Greek colonies, under Turkish dominion; and the probability was, she did not know the place of her father's birth, but believed it to be in Cyprus, where he resided with her mother.

After a few days passed in this desolate place, during which Bernardo and his party lived on shore, and after repeated vain attempts to speak with Berenice alone, Harolde prepared to depart.

The

The afternoon that he intended sailing Berenice appeared uncommonly dejected, and seemed anxious to speak to him, casting on him many a look of anguished tenderness. Bernardo never moved from her side; and the little French attendant never made her appearance: it was reported that she had gone round the rocks to collect shells, but would soon be back.

Bernardo promised to be ready to embark when the anchor was weighed and sails set; the boat was then to be sent for him. Harolde stepped into the boat, and kissed his hand to Berenice. He imagined she shed tears, and then believed he must be mistaken, when she ought to rejoice at leaving such a miserable place.

The anchor was weighed, and the yacht sailing about in the bay, when the boat was dispatched for Bernardo and his daughter.

daughter. Three hours elapsed, and she returned not; the shades of evening began to close around, and a gun was fired, as a signal for haste to be observed. The idea on board was, that the crew had got tipsy with the bailiff's spirits, which he sold by retail to any who had money, and the men had before been intoxicated by him. At last the boat appeared, and as she drew nigh, Harolde's heart throbbed wildly with fear, when he saw no one but the rowers. They reported, that on landing, they only saw the bailiff, who professed to go out and call in the party from his garden. He did not return; and they had searched every hut, and every accessible part of the rocks, without seeing either him, Bernardo, or Berenice.

Amazement sat upon every countenance at this relation, and the darkest suspicions

picions came over every ones mind. Lamska too was absent, and all was dismay and consternation.

Harolde ordered the Captain to anchor the vessel again, and rushing into the boat, followed by Freeman, swore he would never leave the place without Berenice. Scarpio reminding him that Bernardo and Lamska were armed, as well as the bailiff, swords and pistols were handed in, and, urged by the impatience of Harolde, the boat advanced to the beach with the rapidity of lightning. In the bailiff's house not a soul was found—the cellars were searched, and the heads of the casks beat in, to see if any one were concealed therein. The fishermen's huts were nearly all empty; only a few old men, women, and children, remained, the fishermen having all gone to sea by daylight that morning,

ing, and were not expected for two days: neither threats nor promises could gain from these wretches any account of the fugitives; they had not seen or heard of them any where.

Parties were dispersed all over the rocks, into every cavern and fissure—not a bramble bush was left unexplored; but all in vain. No boat could go to sea without passing in sight of the yacht, and one only chance remained—they might have gained access to the ruined tower. The bailiff of course was in the plot; and now Harolde had no doubt of Bernardo's guilt, and that he was afraid of meeting justice at Malta. In the ruined tower they could not long exist without provisions and water; but to gain such a height was impossible at that hour. It was dark, so Harolde, setting a guard on the broken path

path which led towards it, ordered others to watch round the island; and placing himself with Freeman on the point which gave ingress and egress to vessels, he remained all night in a state little short of absolute distraction.

END OF VOL. I.

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